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The Sketch.

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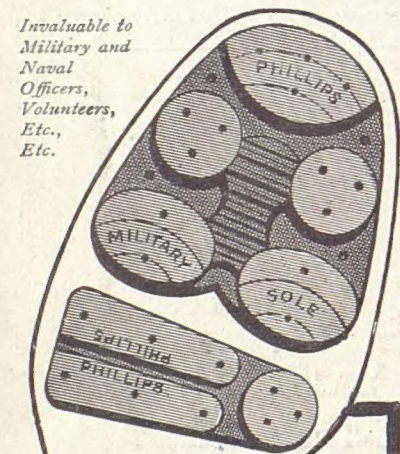
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The Sketch

No. 1183.—Vol. XCI.

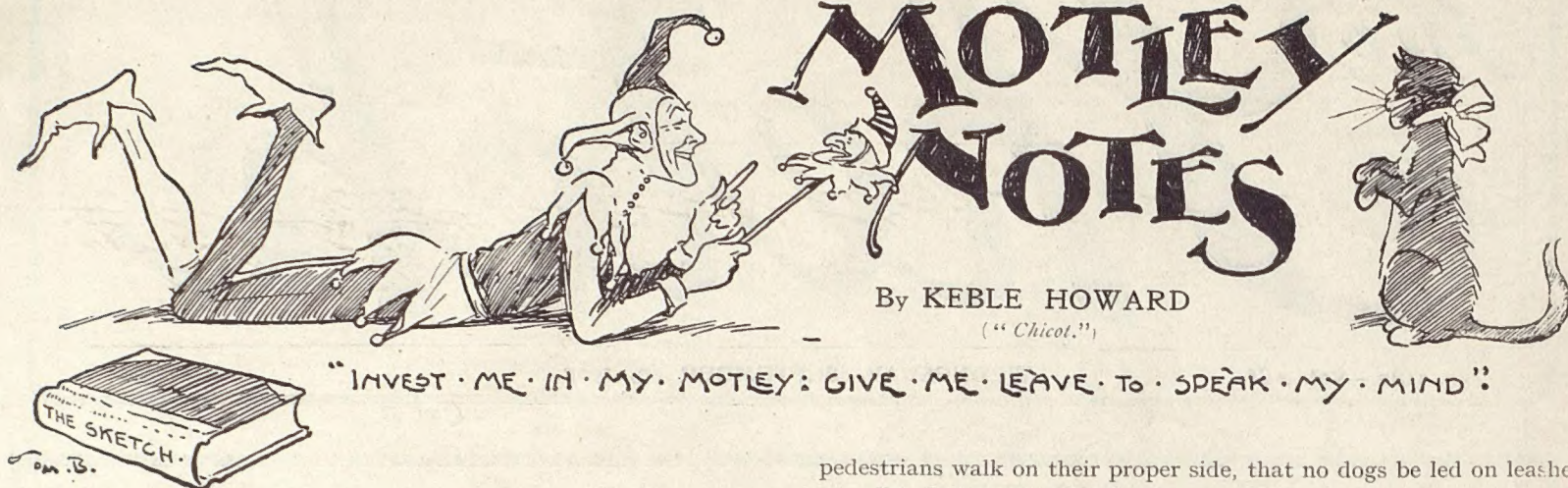
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



A JUMPING JACK—ON THE TILES: MISS GERTIE MILLAR IN "BRIC - À - BRAC," AT THE PALACE.

Other portraits of Miss Millar in the Palace Revue will be found in this Number—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



On Budget Night.

I dined, on Budget Night, at one of the largest clubs in London. The club was full. Every table in the great dining-room had its one, two, or three diners. Not a man of them but would be affected by the new taxes. I don't know how many of them would come under the super-tax, but a fair proportion.

Being alone, I had an evening paper. There was the awful list in very black type. Income-tax, taxes on motor-spirit, taxes on war profits—all sorts of nets in every direction. I read it with awe, in between a tax on my chop.

But what about my fellow-members, who represented the people at whom all this new taxation was aimed? I looked around me. There was a smile on every face. From end to end of that huge room, there was not a sign of dismay. They knew, of course, all about it. Many of them, no doubt, had come straight from the House of Commons. Every man knew that he was poorer that evening than when he rose that morning, and that he would be poorer still in the course of a few months. Some of them—the professional men—would be exceedingly hard hit.

Yet the murmur of cheerful talk never ceased, the faces never relapsed into gloom, the waiters never stopped bringing things that cost money.

I wonder if the folk of Berlin can realise that picture? What is of greater importance, I wonder if they can realise just what it means?

Lights on Trains.

Just before my train left Charing Cross, a porter put his head in at the door and said: "Pull down the blinds, please!" So the men in the corners pulled down the blinds. But what did the engine-driver do? How did he obscure the glare made by his engine? If we mean to be thorough about this business, no trains should be allowed, except underground, after nightfall. I always bow my head meekly to authority, but I often wonder whether it is really very useful to pull down all the blinds when the engine tears through the countryside shouting: "Here I am! Here I come! Look at me! There's a pillar of fire for you!"

And what about the railway stations? There they are with their rows of lights, at regular intervals, far into the night. They could be nothing but railway-stations or seaside piers, and you don't have many seaside piers inland. And then the signals! They blink away like anything!

These riddles will, no doubt, be solved in due course. In the meantime, we will go on pulling down the blinds with tremendous care and particularity. On certain lines, they tell me, the blinds won't always come down when requested, and sometimes they are torn, and sometimes there are none at all. Never mind. This war is going to be won by patience, and the English, fortunately, are a very patient race.

An Unreasonable Person.

"A. W. W.," I am afraid, is one of those unreasonable people who expect perfection, even in time of war. He writes as follows to the editor of the *Globe*—

"SIR,—As it seems probable that the streets this winter will be darker than ever, may I suggest that at important crossings like Hyde Park Corner the traffic be reduced to five miles an hour, and that the regulation be enforced? I would further suggest that

pedestrians walk on their proper side, that no dogs be led on leashes, or roller-skating permitted after sunset."

To me, as a humane person, it seems singularly cruel to endeavour to put a stop to roller-skating on the pavements after sunset. I do not roller-skate myself to any great extent, particularly on the pavements, and after sunset, but there can be no doubt that a large number of young people derive immense pleasure from this pastime. Was it not Mr. Winston Churchill himself who sanctioned roller-skating on the pavements? When you come to think of it, what are the pavements for? Why are they made so smooth? And what are the nice, soft, well-filled waistcoats of old gentlemen for? Roller-skating is a hazardous recreation, and if the old gentlemen stayed at home it would become more hazardous still. You simply *must* have buffers!

"Soliloquies of a Subaltern."

Somebody has very kindly sent me a little book of verses called "Soliloquies of a Subaltern." These verses were written, I understand, in the trenches, and the subaltern responsible for this new method of annoying the Germans is Mr. Eric Thirkell Cooper.

Mr. Cooper is sometimes serious, and sometimes gay, and sometimes a mixture of both. "The Subaltern's Prayer," for example, is certainly a mixture, and a very nimble mixture, of both—

Here, like an infant, may I sleep
Secure from all alarm,
For though I've never done much good,
I've never done much harm.
May sentries smart their watches take;
On guard at every gate;
And when I really have to wake,
Please blow "Réveillé" late.

No man has any business to write such a neat prayer as that when the Germans are doing their honest best to interrupt him. Mr. Cooper must not infuriate the enemy too far. There is a limit. Sometimes he gives us a little imitation of Kipling, which may soothe them, but I can't think that they would care very much for "Carry On"—

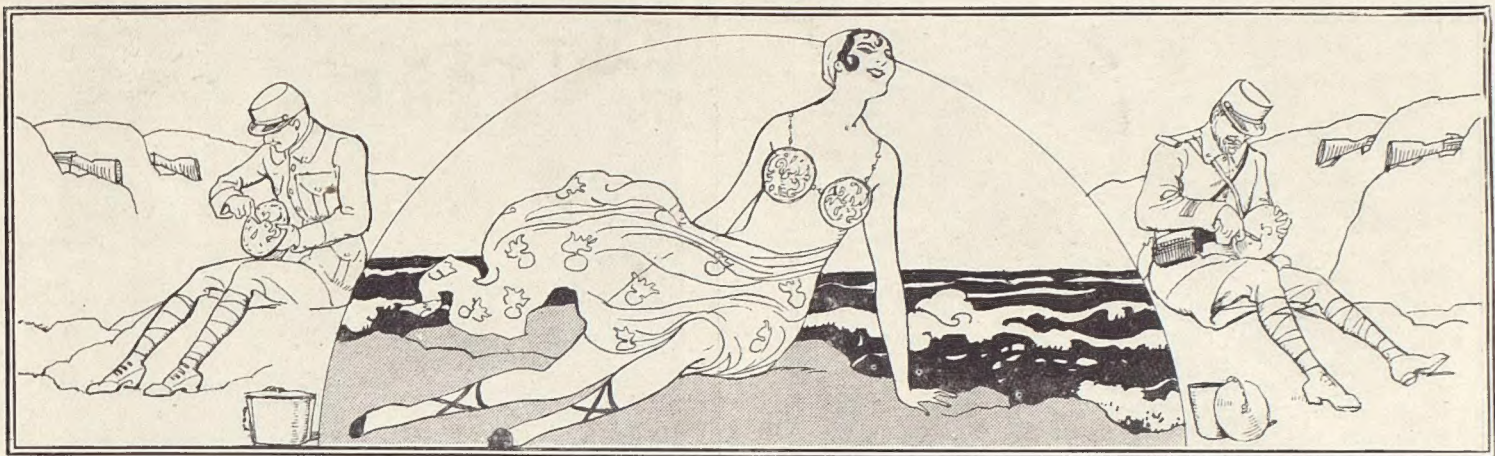
When the ammunition's low, carry on.
When a volunteer must go, carry on.
When you feel that you must rest
Or you'll have to journey west,
Stop your grouching, do your best, carry on.

When the parapet goes "phut," carry on.
When the telephone is cut, carry on.
When the "wind up" seems to spread,
Let the others lose their head,
Have a cigarette instead; carry on.

The Soldier's Cigarette.

Have a cigarette instead" is the best line, I think, in those little verses. It is so essentially of this war. Soldiers were still smoking pipes at the time of the Boer War. We all smoked pipes in those days. I wonder Mr. Cooper or some other soldier-poet does not write a poem in honour of "The Soldier's Cigarette." It certainly deserves one. It may not have won battles, but it will play a great part in winning the War of Patience. I see all the elements of an immortal set of verses in that theme. . . . Yes, I think I'll do them myself.

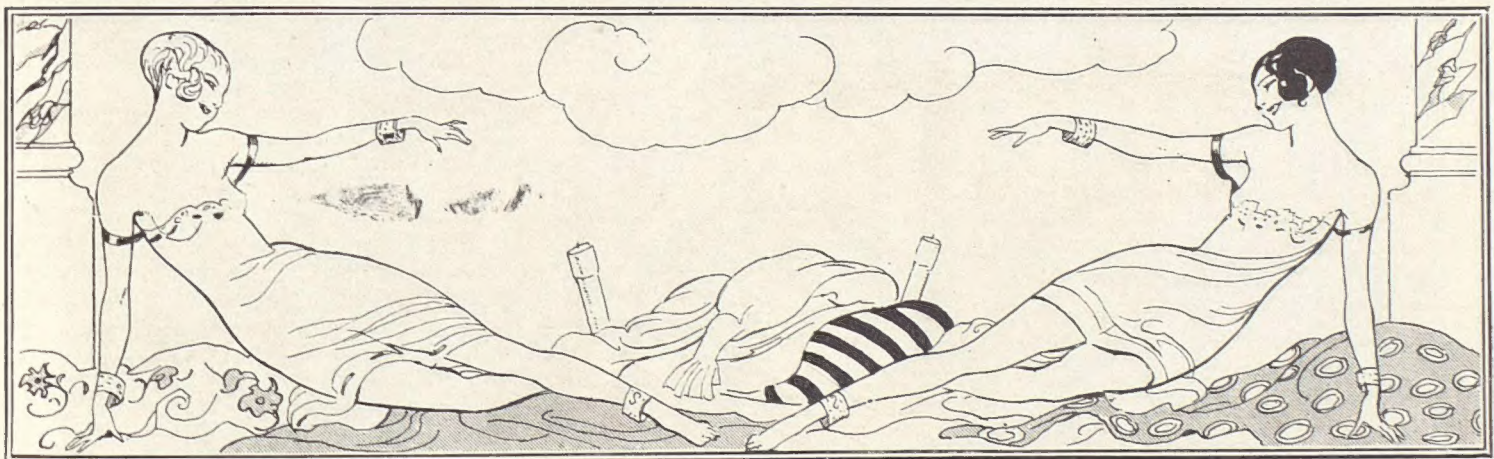
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: TRENCH JEWELLERY.



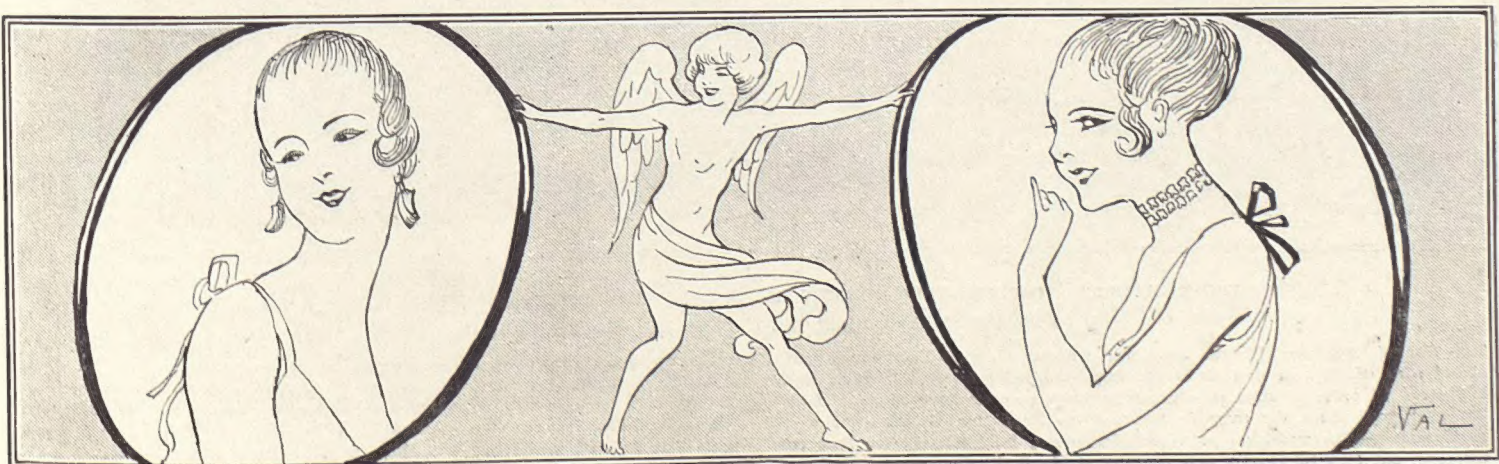
BREAST - ORNAMENTS OF ENGRAVED COOKING - TIN LIDS.



THE DIADEM OF CARTRIDGES AND THE SHELL TIARA.



BRACELETS AND ANKLETS FROM THE BRASS OF GERMAN FIELD - GUN CARTRIDGES.



EAR - RINGS AND NECKLACE OF SHELL - SPLINTERS.

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WOMAN IN KHAKI: "COLONEL" B. HOPKINS, LEADER OF THE BIRMINGHAM BRANCH OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER RESERVE.



A SCOTTISH M.P. MARRIED: MR. IAN MACPHERSON AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS JILL RHODES.



A GIFT OF WHITE HEATHER: CAPTAIN RONALD CAMPBELL (ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS) AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS MURIEL NEWCOMBE, LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The Women's Volunteer Reserve are doing very useful work. At Birmingham, among other things, some of them are on duty all night at the shell factories, where they serve hot coffee and other refreshments to the women employed on night shifts. Our photograph shows the energetic leader of the Birmingham branch—"Colonel" B. Hopkins.—The wedding of Mr. Ian Macpherson, M.P. (Liberal) for Ross and Cromarty, and Miss Jill Rhodes, only daughter of Mr. G. W. Rhodes, of Pont Street, S.W., took place on the 24th, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The service was

performed by the Vicar of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, the Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith, in whose church, it may be recalled, sand-bags have been placed over the founder's tomb, in view of possible Zeppelin bombs. Among the wedding guests was Admiral Sir Percy Scott.—The wedding of Captain Ronald Campbell, 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of Craignish, and Miss Muriel Mary Newcombe, took place, on the 23rd, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, S.W. The bridegroom was recently wounded. The senior chaplain at Woolwich, the Rev. C. A. Peacock, officiated.

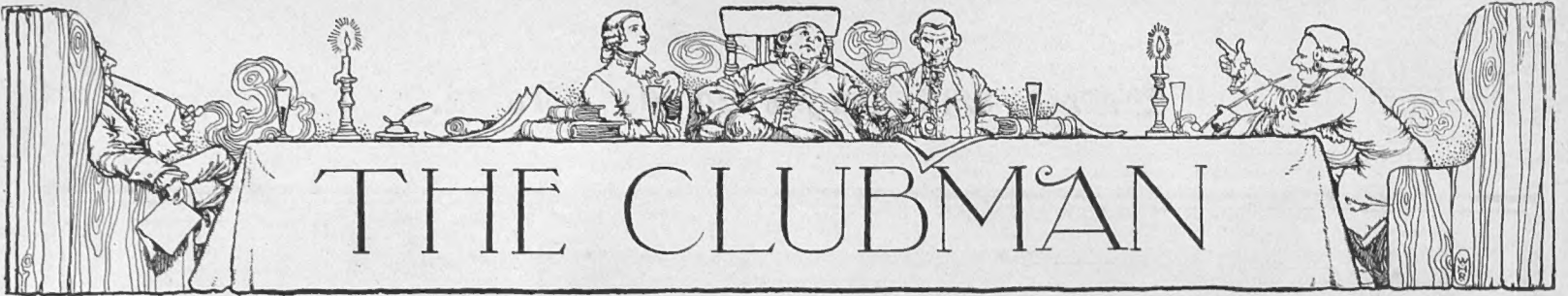
Photographs by T. B. Clayton, Central Press, and C.N.

People who Ought to be Strafed.



I — THE 99TH SMALL BOY WHO ASKS US FOR CIGARETTE PICTURES.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE CLUBMAN

IN HAPPY IGNORANCE : CHRISTMAS IN THE ICE : CAPSA'S AND CONNOISSEURS.

A Man Who Has Not Heard of the War.

There is one man at least in the world who, probably, has not heard that a European war is in progress, and that man is Vilhjalmur Stefansson, news of whose safety in the Arctic regions has just reached Ottawa after he had been given up for eighteen months as lost in the Great White Land. During those eighteen months, which cover the whole period of the year of the war, no news from him reached civilisation, and, doubtless, no news from civilisation reached him.

Had Stefansson Met a German.

He set out from a Canadian port in June 1913, when the world looked on the prophets who predicted a great war as troublesome pessimists, and when the Balkan kingdoms were thought to be vexatious little fellows whose ears had to be boxed now and again by the big Powers to keep them in order, but who were not thought capable of any greater mischief than that of robbing Turkey now and again of a few thousand miles of territory. Had Stefansson met a German on the ice of the great white wilderness the two men would undoubtedly have fraternised and would have invited each other to an interchange of visits when they got back to civilisation.

A Desperate Situation.

To an ordinary man the situation in which Stefansson found himself when, having landed with three companions to get fresh meat, he saw the *Karluk*, his ship, drifting away amidst the snow and fog of a north-easterly gale that had broken up the ice, would have appeared desperate. Most men under these circumstances would have thought that the end of their life had come; but Stefansson only expressed regret that his expedition would be delayed for a year, and, with his companions, began to make such exploration as was possible under the circumstances. In April 1914, when last heard of, Stefansson and his party were making their way northward, hoping to pick up the rest of the expedition.

What Did the Cat Think of It?

Of the twenty-five men on the *Karluk* when she drifted away in the blizzard, eighteen white men reached a desolate stretch of land, Wrangel Island, and there supported life chiefly on seaweed and roots. Four Esquimaux, an Esquimaux baby, and a cat were also of the party; and one wonders what a cat, one of the most comfort-loving creatures in the world, must have thought of the strange household. I do not think that any story of Arctic adventure gives one an idea of the determination of explorers more vividly than that of Mr. Hugh Williams holding out a frost-bitten toe to be amputated with a saw in order to save his leg.

A Christmas Day Dinner.

The Christmas Day of 1913-1914 must have been a very memorable one for the men on the *Karluk*. They had lightened their ship by transporting nearly all the stores to an ice-floe, hoping that when the great pinch of the ice came the *Karluk* would be squeezed up out of the ice instead of being crushed. They dined that Christmas Day on the ice and not in the ship, and the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner was Polar-bear meat, which men who have eaten it tell me tastes very fishy. A fortnight later, their ship was sunk by the pressure of the ice, and went down with the Blue Ensign flying.

Bear Ham.

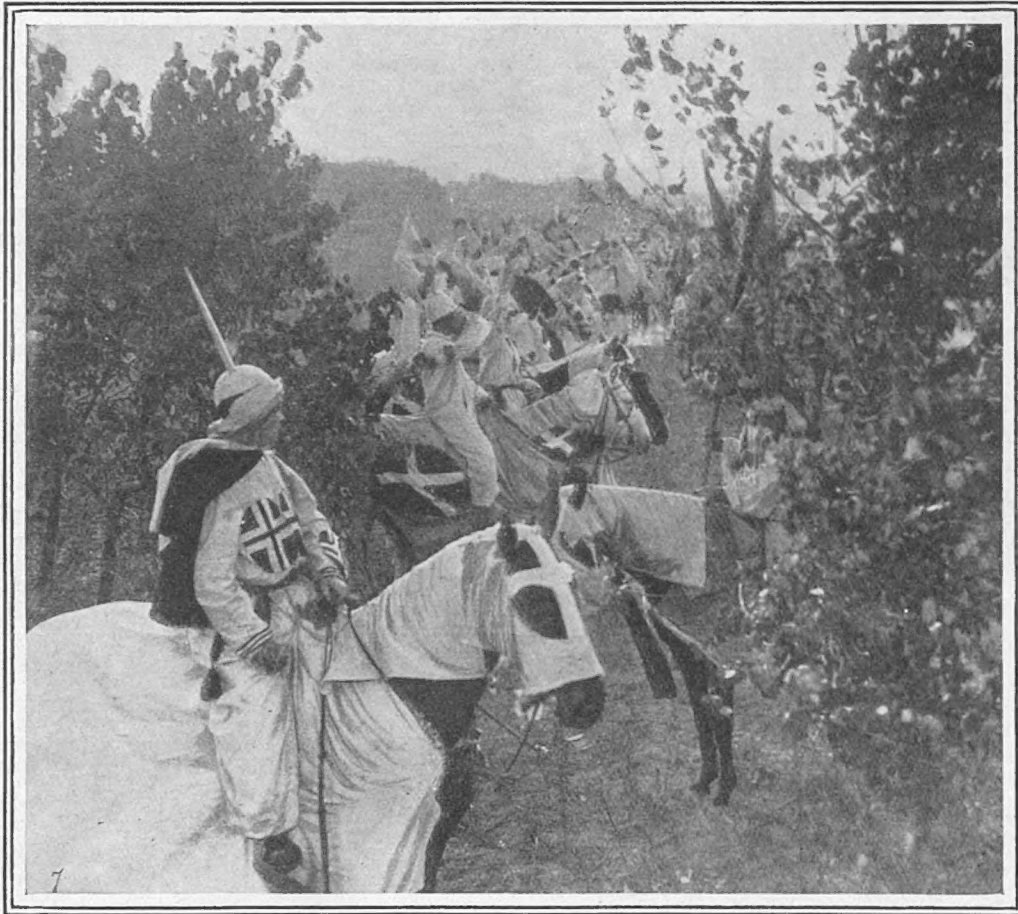
Bear hams are not always fishy meat, as I can testify. Most of the smaller bears feed on wild fruits, and the love of a bear for honey often gets Master Bruin into very difficult situations, for the robbed bees know exactly the

unprotected parts on which to sting him. Those jolly little Himalayan bears, the little fellows with white waistcoats, who in captivity turn head over heels and do other tricks to attract favourable notice, are great fruit-eaters, and in the Himalayas feed on the wild raspberries and other such berries. I never ate a ham of Himalayan bear, because, although I have been amongst the foothills of the Himalayas, I never shot a bear there. But the bear ham which gave me an idea of the excellence of the meat I ate at Capsa's restaurant at Bukarest.

Capsa's.

It would be interesting at the present time to hear the conversation of the elderly dandies and the officers who habitually breakfast and dine at Capsa's. I warrant that it is the headquarters of the partisans of the Allies in Bukarest, for Capsa himself is a Frenchman, and you hear far more French than Roumanian talked in the

restaurant. No doubt, the war has taken the place of the races as the chief subject of conversation at Capsa's, for the mobilisation order must have put an end, for the time at least, to the pleasant race-meetings at the end of the long avenue that runs out from the little city. Capsa is a genius in his way, for he has brought the Parisian touch to Roumanian cookery, and gives his patrons Roumanian dishes cooked with the light hand that a Frenchman always employs in the kitchen. A salad of caviar is a delicacy, and at Capsa's, where everyone is a judge of caviar, you are asked which of the three varieties you prefer. Sarmalute—meat and milk cooked in vine-leaves or leaves of the white cabbage—is a real delight as you get it at Capsa's; and Bacleava, a cake of almonds served with a syrup of roses, is a relic of the Turkish domination over the country, but is none the less an admirable *entremet* as you eat it at Capsa's.



FROM A FILM THAT COMMANDEERED A COUNTY FOR A DAY AND COST 500,000 DOLLARS! TO BE SEEN AT THE SCALA: A "RIDE OF THE KU KLUX KLAN," IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION."

The "Ku Klux Klan" incident stands out as the most vivid and thrilling of all in Mrs. D. W. Griffith's wonderful spectacular photo-play, "The Birth of a Nation," produced at a cost of £100,000, and seen for the first time in England at the Scala Theatre on Monday. The gathering of the "Klan" in America is of itself one of the strangest of romances. It was a great society of Southern Whites who, after the Civil War of 1861-4, to redress their wrongs took the law into their own hands and ruled the South with an iron hand. "Adventurers," describes Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People," "swarmed out of the North, as much the enemies of the one race as of the other, to cozen, beguile, and use the negroes. . . . The white men were roused by a mere instinct of self-preservation—until at last there had sprung into existence a great Ku Klux Klan, a veritable Empire of the South, to protect the Southern Country."

The production of this part of the film is said to have "held up" a county for a day!

A ROYAL HOLIDAY; AND AN INSPECTION OF GIRL GUIDES.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY ON HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND: A MOTOR TRIP TO BALLATER.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AT WEALDSTONE: INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF GIRL GUIDES.

Although the exigencies of war-time prevent the King and Queen from following their usual custom of spending a few weeks of the autumn in Scotland, H.R.H. Princess Mary is enjoying the glorious September weather at Abergeldie Castle. Her Royal Highness is always an early riser and spends many hours of each day in the open air. Our photograph shows the young Princess arriving at Ballater.—The Duchess of

Marlborough, who is always to the fore when work of public utility is in hand, takes particular interest in the Girl Guides movement, and loses no opportunity of manifesting this interest. Our photograph shows her inspecting a guard of honour of the 1st Harrow Girl Guides, who were eager to show her some token of their gratitude upon the occasion of her recent visit to Wealdstone.



THE new Linlithgow baby, following the fashion of the house, made its appearance towards the end of September. Its father was born on the 24th—on the eve, that is, of his own father's birthday. Other members of the family have shown an even greater unanimity in the matter of first appearances: three years ago Lady Linlithgow presented her husband with twins.

A Man of Letters. Lady Linlithgow was the Miss Doreen Milner of several brilliant London seasons, her chaperon not seldom being the Duchess of Portland. The young people, it is said, first met at Welbeck. Lady Milner died while Doreen was still a little girl, and Sir Frederick's habit of hard work kept him away from ball-rooms. It is believed that he beat the record for letter-writing with a total of 30,000, all composed, folded, enveloped, and licked during the time he represented the Bassetlaw Division in Parliament.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN
CLAUD LAMBTON: MISS
OLIVE LOCKWOOD.

Miss Olive Lockwood is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. P. Lockwood, of 41, Queen's Gate. Captain Lambton is in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, and is the youngest son of the Hon. F. W. Lambton, twin brother of the Earl of Durham, and Mrs. Lambton, of Fenton, Wooler, Northumberland.

Photograph by Swaine.

Granard, looking happier than when he went out, is only one of hundreds telling the same tale. It is the real Forbes smile he displays, seated among abundance of comfortable cushions—or are they sandbags? However that may be, the luxuries of Halkin Street have never made him look more contented, and fit, than he does in the new picture.

The Unfeeling Felt. Winston Churchill is being "ragged" about his hats again. Why not let them be? From his earliest youth he has shown himself incapable of buying or wearing ordinary head-gear. Similarly, the late Duke of Devonshire's rusty upright felt used to annoy his friends. One day, having laid their plot, they sent to Devonshire House, by a stream of messenger boys, all the various products of a hatter's shop, from a cricketer's cap to a white beaver, in the hope that some one thing among them might take the Duke's fancy. It was a challenge, and, of course, the rusty felt was worn for ever after.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT
THOMAS INNIS FARRAR:
MISS AGNES H. THRUPP.

Miss Thrupp is the daughter of the late Rev. R. W. Thrupp, M.A., of Worthing. Lieutenant Farrar is in the Devonshire Regiment, and is second son of the Right Rev. Walter Farrar, Bishop of British Honduras.

Photograph by Vandyk.

ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT
BRIAN H. BONHAM-CARTER:
MISS DOROTHY HUNTER.

Miss Hunter is the youngest daughter of Colonel King Hunter, late South Wales Borderers. Lieutenant Bonham-Carter is the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Bonham-Carter, late R.E., and of Mrs. Bonham-Carter, of Westerham.

Photograph by Bassano.

The Duke is anxious that the dismal stories of another ruinous fire should be discounted by his friends before they write to commiserate with him on his loss.

*Lieutenant
Viscount
Sidmouth.*

Viscount Sidmouth's marriage takes place this week in Simla—of all places. The soldier who is detained in India these days by anything less interesting than his own wedding would indeed vote himself unlucky. Lord Sidmouth's bride is the charming daughter of Sir Donald and Lady Johnstone, and she marries a full Lieutenant, the young peer's promotion having been gazetted a few days ago, as if the W. O. was bent on contributing to the good spirits and dignity of the occasion.

*Among the
Sandbags.*

To Lady Granard, as to many other wives of our soldiers in the Dardanelles, the snapshot, fired homewards, comes as a delightful relief to the harassing rumours about existence on the Peninsula. The notion that our men, wounded and unwounded, were crowded together on tiny beaches, like Littlehampton tourists at high tide, was disquieting, to say the least. Now come the photographs; and the one of Lord

*Another
Exaggeration.*

It was against reason and the law of averages that the Sutherland estates should again have suffered by fire. There was an outbreak on the parched heather country near Dunrobin, but fortunately the fire was not nearly so bad as the reports made out. The trees burned were mostly saplings, for which the Duke had no particular feeling, the older timber escaping.

*Welbeck
Wisdom.*

The Duchess of Portland is all on the side of personal economy, and very ready to approve those features of the Budget which bring home the silliness—to say the least—of waste. Frugality is an old habit with her. Long before Mr. McKenna put tea beyond the reach of the victims of his super-taxes, the mistress of Welbeck had forsworn the five-o'clock habit. Nor will the immunity of wine from extra taxation

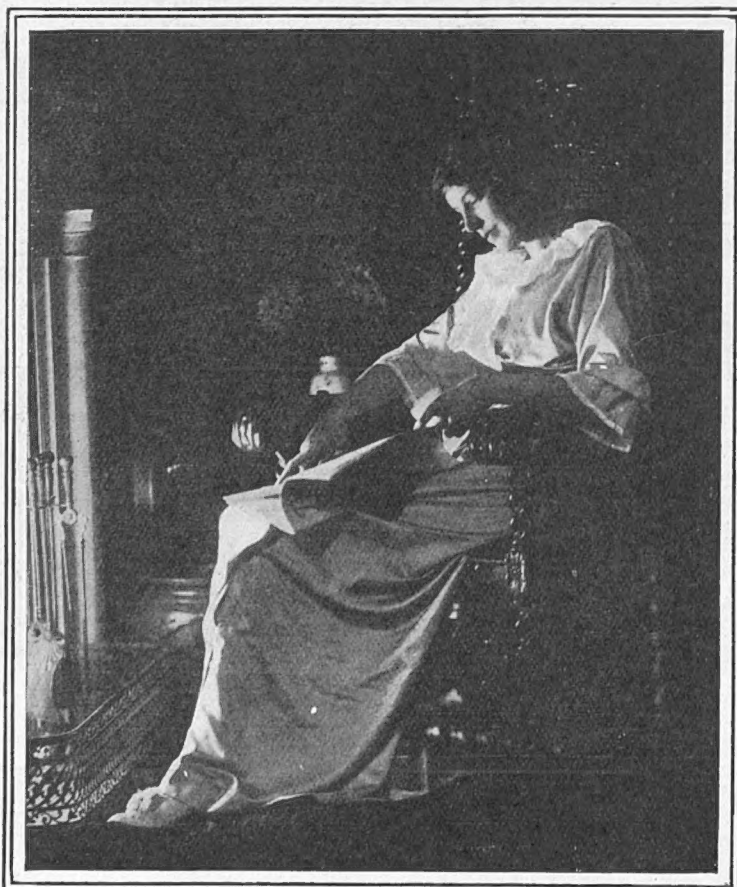
make her look to champagne as a substitute. She is one of those wonderful people who eat nothing and drink still less, and at the same time make the most of life.

*Wastefulness and
Waistfulness.*

The usual motive for an austere dietary is absent in the case of the Duchess. She has a splendid figure. The American lady who said of herself that her body was "the battlefield for a life-long conflict between her corset-maker and her chef" voiced a hardship that has never threatened the tallest and most elegant of Mr. Sargent's sitters. To say that the Duchess of Portland is a thorough-going vegetarian would be unsafe. Vegetarianism is a difficult thing to define; and one is apt, at odd times, to meet even a professed Grated-Carrotite recouping on a chop in an unaccustomed restaurant. Without making any vows, the Duchess does, nevertheless, abide by her anti-tea, anti-wine, and anti-meat régime.

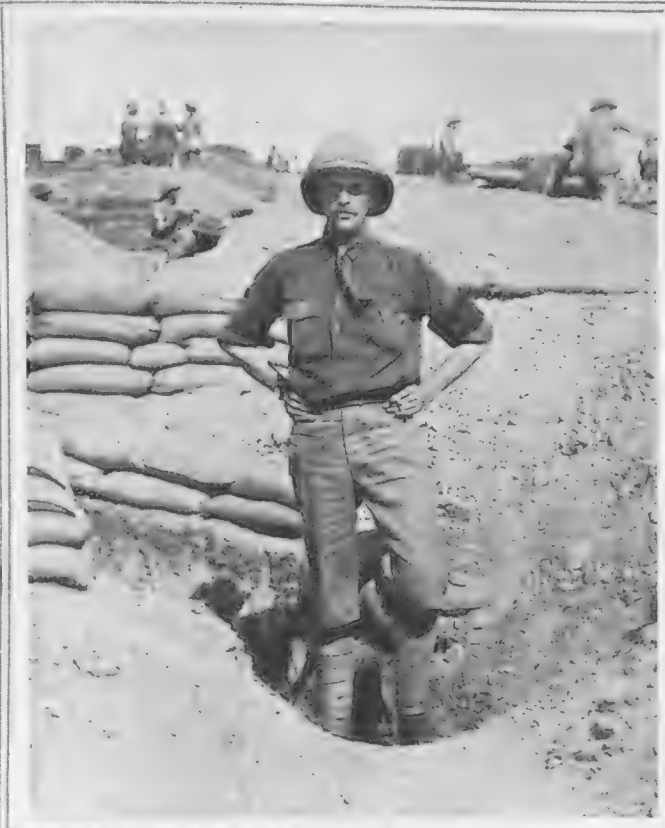
*Heron's and
'Planes!*

Lady Zouche's heronry in Parham Park has been much disturbed this last week by a daily flight of—aeroplanes! Every morning they have buzzed over the Parham pines, to the consternation of the birds, in the course of a sham fight.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT CECIL W. M. FIRTH: MISS RUTH WHISTON.
Miss Ruth Whiston is the daughter of the late Mr. Waller Whiston, of The Old Palace, Rochester, and of Mrs. Rochfort-Boyd, Belvedere House, Farnborough. Lieutenant Cecil W. Mallaby Firth is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Firth, of The Beeches, East Grinstead, and is in the Dorsetshire Regiment.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

PEER ; DUKE'S SON ; BELTED EARL : IN THE TRENCHES.



FROM CASTLE TO TRENCH : VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT
AT THE DARDANELLES.



A DUKE'S SON AT THE DARDANELLES : THE MARQUESS OF
TULLIBARDINE.



A "BELTED EARL" AT THE FRONT : THE EARL OF GRANARD AT THE DARDANELLES.

There are no "absent-minded beggars" in the terrible war-drama which is thrilling the world ; but there was never, perhaps, a war in which every class was "doing its bit" in such whole-hearted fashion. In the ranks, and among the officers, are to be found the realisation of Kipling's famous line, "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl," to say nothing of "belted Earls" themselves, as keen on their work as

any callow subaltern or raw recruit. Here, for example, are a Peer, a Duke's son, and a Belted Earl—all at the Dardanelles. Lord Powerscourt's seat is Powerscourt Castle, Enniskerry, County Wicklow ; the Marquess of Tullibardine is heir to the Duke of Atholl ; and the Earl of Granard was Master of the Horse to King Edward VII, and holds the same office in the Household of King George.

Photographs by C N



"A LETTER FOR YOU, MAM'SELLE"—AND SOME ANSWERS FOR YOU, SIRS.

By MARTHIE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

A LETTER, with this quaint superscription, from the Trenches to Town, a blue letter—*couleur du temps*, as old Perrault used to say. It is such a kind one, such a cheerful, brave, buoyant one, that I feel I must quote some of it, not for the example—for who is not brave and buoyant among our fighting friends?—but just because—well, because that letter pleases me particularly, I suppose.

"A letter for you, Mam'selle.

"Have just come in from digging trenches, time 4 a.m., to the tune of occasional 'whizz bangs' and snipers' bullets, and have been reading your 'Five O'Clock Frivolities.'" (I thought you said *Four*, friend?) "Excuse awful writing—I am lying on my back on comfy bed of somewhat lumpy chalk six feet underground." Don't you feel suffocated, lying low like that? Not really suffocated, of course; but I should think it must be a disagreeable sensation—like entering into one's clothes head first instead of stepping into them. (You should see H. B. Irving entering a flannel petticoat!)

"After reading your article, my only hope is to get wounded in a comfortable spot and meet 'Her' (I know of one), and follow your letter to the letter."

So you know of one! Only one! One can know little of one who one only knows—what! Do tell me more about "Her"—it will interest me almost as much as what you say about myself.

"You must be topping." Oh, what means topping? Who will tell me? I have just searched for it in the dictionary, and I can't find it. There is "top"—French, *toupie*. Does it mean to turn round and round and buzz until you drop? I am not so giddy as all that, you know!

"You write just what we are all feeling just now." (Thank you; that is quite clear and kind, and I am awfully glad if I do.) "We just long for a civilised dinner and a hot bath and a Bed—spelt with a capital B. Twenty-four hours of that, just to set one going, and then a round of revues and general frivolities.

"We grouse a lot out here at times, but are really very cheerful. The men are the best of all—they make a joke of everything.

"P.S.—All the C.O.'s dug-outs here are decorated with Raphael Kirchner's charming pictures of black legs, etc." (Bad old Men!) "I'd give anything myself for a partial glimpse of a black silk stocking." Good and easily satisfied young man! I will see to it that the next post brings you one black silk stocking neatly folded and tied with a pink bow. That is what you wished for, is it not? Or perhaps you have already applied for one of "Hers"?

Curiously enough, another of my correspondents, who writes from Bath, seems also to be very much interested in the hosiery and boot department; but, unlike the subterranean "sub." above, he does not approve of the theme of my stuff—he does not want me to have anything to do with the war nor the warriors. He does not know that my letters to the front are "by desire," as the orchestra conductor says when he selects a piece in which he appears particularly picturesque. This is what he writes—I will even leave the flattering paragraphs in; never mind if it does seem as if I were beating my own drum—

"DEAR MADAME,—

As a mere man, may I confess to being one of your humble admirers, for directly I get my *Sketch* I sit at your pretty feet—alas! metaphorically—for I *know* they are pretty" (isn't that what is called the eyes of faith?) "to absorb my 'Five O'Clock' and forget for a while the war and all its horrors.

"Please, Madame, keep the war out of all you write. If you only knew the relief it is to turn to writing so fresh and spontaneous as yours you would forgive this appeal from a man who, were he not physically unable, would be proud to help defend you and yours.

"I enjoy *all* your articles; but do you remember amongst others, long ago, one entitled 'Red Hot Tape'? I loved that—for my greatest weakness (if I may confess it) is an innocent joy in a pretty feminine leg and foot. When you get on that subject" (I am on my feet, so to speak!) "I find you just adorable, and I don't imagine the subject to be uncongenial to you? Give

us more such articles, *chère Madame*, for you write with human understanding of human understandings!

"P.S.—Not a pretty foot to one square mile in all this beautiful city!"

Thank you; all this is most encouraging; but what is, I ask you, a bewildered letter-writer to do to please everyone? Surely, my courteous correspondent from Bath, you do not grudge those brave boys over there those weekly letters written specially to and for them? You must admit that if I do spell war, now and then, I leave the "worse" side of it to wiser folks.

I cannot blame your weakness for pretty feet, and I sympathise with you in your regret of so much waste ground in Bath; but I understood you were there for a *cure*—not a cure for that particular weakness, it seems!

No, I don't quite remember about "Red Hot Tape"; but methinks that it is redder, hotter, and longer than ever—but we won't talk politics!

THE
TASSELLED
TAM.



EXAMPLE
AND
IMITATION.

A SCOTCH-IRISH ALLIANCE: WIFE OF A PEER'S SON.



MARRIED, ON SEPTEMBER 22, TO LORD INCHCAPE'S ONLY SON: THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY,
(MISS JOAN MORIARTY.)

Both in Scottish and Irish Society much interest was shown in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Joan Moriarty and the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, whose marriage took place on Wednesday, Sept. 22. Miss Moriarty (now the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay) is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Justice Moriarty, of Dublin, who was born in Mallow, Co. Cork. He made a name in connection with the litigation concerning remounts at the time of the South African War, and promotion quickly followed, until

he became Lord Justice of Appeal, but, unhappily, he died recently, little more than a year after his elevation to the Bench. The Hon. Kenneth Mackay is the only son of Lord and Lady Inchcape, and was born in 1887. He is an old Etonian and a Trinity College, Cambridge man. Mr. Mackay is a barrister, and served in the present war, as 2nd Lieutenant in the 12th Lancers. The wedding was celebrated, very quietly, at Christ Church, Mayfair.—[*Photograph by Langfrier.*]



MRS. McKENNA.

M R. McKENNA did the sums himself. All his own totals and deductions were passed almost without correction into the Budget, and thence into English history. The accurate young men of the Department would have enjoyed putting their Chief right and saving him from fiscal error, but they did not get the chance. Mr. McKenna can do sums against any man in the Government. Though Mr. Lloyd George may be quicker in grasping the significance of other men's results and making them all his own before speech-time, Mr. McKenna has far the better head for figures. The P.M. knew this long ago, ever since he and Mr. McKenna spent a great and happy year together in the Treasury; the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself has known it ever since he was a schoolboy. The man with a head for figures and a memory for figures can't help knowing it. Every time his friends' statistics wobble across the dinner-table or make a preposterous impression in the smoking-room, the man with a true memory is reminded that he knows better. He can tell you offhand the total wealth of the nation, the number of taxis on the streets of London, the output of coal in Wales, the circulation of Stubbs', or Mrs. McKenna's golf scores for the last five years.

Home-Made. The Budget, then, is a personal achievement; it brings one back to No. 36, and to weeks of hard work in the house that Mrs. McKenna keeps in Smith Square. It is the best sort of Lutyens house, with elbow-room for a man dealing in millions, with space enough even for those moments when he must walk up and down in a kind of frenzy—or is it ecstasy?—to master the length and breadth of his calculations. Lutyens and the lady between them have made it a perfect house for all the purposes of the modern man and the modern family. In the white dining-room, supported by pale oak pillars in each corner, you can break your plain bread and refrain from anything but a stone bottle of honest ginger-beer with the lightest heart in the world. It is a dining-room that reminds you of St. Francis rather than of Smith—rather than of Smith, that is, before a Budget and the ascetic fashion of the day made a different man of him, and a different place of his Square.

A Person of Taste. While her father carved the mantelpiece in the library, Mrs. McKenna, always alert in literature, filled the shelves—with Belles Lettres as well as Political Economy and Statistics. She has the collector's *flair*, and when, before the war, her motor used to join the procession northwards to the Cattle Market—on days when the cows are given a rest and the

cobbles are spread with the flotsam and jetsam of London's oceanic collection of odds and ends—she it was who always seemed able to light upon the stray treasures. Better still, she knew how to lose her "finds." Her drawing-room is never overcrowded with the bric-à-brac once upon a time thought amusing—by everybody except the housemaid. Nor is her drawing-room ever overcrowded with that other curiosity, mankind. When she and her husband were at the Admiralty they entertained on a large scale, and they still entertain in the true meaning of the word; but for the emptier social usages Mrs. McKenna has neither time nor inclination. The random speculations indulged at two o'clock gobble-gobbles and the half-hour intimacies of tea-time have never intrigued her. She finds the flight of a golf-ball more interesting than the flight of a Duchess.

The Economies Problem. To her, then, the war-time

revolution in social usages means very little. She joins the various Economy Leagues in a spirit of general sympathy rather than because she is sure that all their plans are reasonable or right. The woman who finds her dressmaker unhappy, and hears from her of work-girls on half-pay or engaged only on alternate days, is inclined to forget the injunctions contained in league leaflets and order more gowns than usual. Probably she is doing right. Mrs. McKenna, at any rate, does not rush to extremes. The youngest, and wisest, of the Cabinet's ladies, she stoops to conquer in her nursery (inhabited by the admirable David and Michael) rather than in politics or amateurish finance.

Pamela's Songs.

Pamela McKenna is the daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, soldier, craftsman, musician, and a great gentleman. From him she first learned

about music—a learning that has developed into song-writing. Sir Herbert had a less tractable pupil in John Ruskin, who abused him roundly for an introduction to the abominable noise of Wagner. Sir Herbert has for sister a pioneer among women-gardeners, and the author of many delightful books on her subject. Miss Jekyll and Sir Herbert have made their special corner of Surrey famously fragrant with roses; and their interests meet, also, in the practice of wood-carving and other crafts. Lady-Jekyll is the daughter of one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's chief patrons; and Mrs. McKenna's sister Barbara is now the wife of the Hon. Francis McLaren, who, when he is not serving in the Dardanelles, is another of the Smith Square colonists—in another of the Lutyens houses. The whole surroundings of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are of the happiest description, for they might perhaps be described as Arithmetic, in its highest expression, mitigated by, or steeped in, an atmosphere of Art.



THE WIFE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND HER SONS:

MRS. REGINALD McKENNA.

The wedding of Mr. Reginald McKenna to Miss Pamela Jekyll, daughter of Sir Herbert Jekyll, took place in 1908.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

NOUGHTY MAN! MAKER OF A £1,590,000,000 BUDGET.



AND WIFE: THE RIGHT HON REGINALD McKENNA, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
ON HIS WAY TO MAKE HIS WAR-BUDGET SPEECH.

Never in the history of Parliament has it fallen to the lot of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to present a Budget containing proposals for the provision of anything approaching the vast sum of £1,590,000,000! The mere array of figures is staggering, and Mr. McKenna might well have felt some trepidation in the preparation of what was at once a War Budget, as well as his own first Budget. But he has had wide Parliamentary experience. He was Financial Secretary of the Treasury, 1905; President

of the Board of Education, 1907-8; and First Lord of the Admiralty, 1908-11. At Cambridge he took honours in Mathematics, which may account in some degree for his framing a colossal Budget with a discretion which has resulted in acceptance of his proposals with a minimum of criticism. In 1908, Mr. McKenna married Miss Pamela Margaret Jekyll, younger daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, K.C.M.G., and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Francis W. S. McLaren, wife of the younger son of Baron Aberconway.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

TO the Countess of Longford is brought home very distressingly the new fashion in warfare noted and practised by Sir Ian Hamilton—the mingling of officers of high rank with their men. Her husband, General Lord Longford, appeared in an early list of Dardanelles wounded. Weeks passed, and every effort to ascertain his whereabouts was foiled. The disappearance of a lieutenant, who may be known by sight to only a few men and who may be separated from them when he falls, is intelligible; but for a General, supported in the ordinary way by his Staff and orderlies, to vanish is a thing almost unheard of in previous conflicts.



TO MARRY MISS LILY H. CARSTAIRS: LIEUTENANT JOHN H. TOWERS.

Lieutenant John H. Towers holds a commission in the United States Navy, and is well known in this country, as he is Assistant Naval Attaché to the American Embassy in London.

Photograph by Bassano.

and relished less than anything the prospect of beating a retreat to his arm-chair at the Carlton or to the peaceful hills of Westmeath. It is easy to think of him as impatient of keeping to a place of safety—if there was such a thing!—in Gallipoli. Lady Longford (whose sister, by the way, is the wife of a new-made soldier, Lord Dunsany) has had the sympathy of innumerable friends during a period far more trying than usually falls to the lot of a General's wife.

Serbia's Day. Mme Mestrovic in marble was one of the most remarkable things in her husband's exhibition at South Kensington. Mme. Mestrovic in the flesh took her stand outside the Stock Exchange last Wednesday, and sold Serbian flags to City men. Nobody on earth can be expected to look quite so life-like as a piece of Mestrovic's sculpture; but the lady was very charming and only a little less vital than the plastic original. She did a lively business, despite the Budget and Stock Exchange preoccupations.

More French Guests. The wife of another great sculptor has been welcomed to London, and to Old Burlington Street. This is Mme. Rodin; but she, unlike Mme. Mestrovic, was not previously known to us through the work of her husband, or has not, at any rate, been identified as the model of any of his pieces. Only when Rodin's studio was threatened by the invaders did Mme. Rodin consent to come to England and leave the marmites and casseroles that play for her as important a part in the



A WAR BRIDE: MRS. WILLIAM TIDWELL TOWERS-CLARK.

Mrs. W. T. Towers-Clark, who was married on Sept. 14, to Captain Towers-Clark, of the Coldstream Guards, was Miss Helen Elizabeth Frederica Foster Harter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Loyd Foster Harter, of Salperton Park, Haselton, Gloucestershire. Captain Towers-Clark is the only son of Major Towers-Clark, late Royal Dragoons, of Weston Moffatt, Lanarkshire, N.B.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

The Longford Way. It is known to his friends that Sir Ian himself got right in among his men during the fighting, and all the chances are that Lord Longford was moved to do the same thing at a critical moment in the operations. An old M.F.H., and a soldier who has been a Yeomanry Commander as well as a Life Guards officer, Lord Longford carries his fifty years like a sportsman,

scheme of life as her husband's lumps of clay. Rodin himself is not over-much enamoured of Society; but at Mrs. Charles Hunter's table he is required to meet only his favourite Duchess (so to speak) and the trials of refugeedom are made easy for him. But for Madame, the thorough type of the confirmed French housewife, the break has fewer consolations.

Mr. Manners-Sutton. In the ordinary way the Duke of Devonshire would just now be think-

ing of nothing but game-birds and the best men to shoot them. His invitations would have gone to the finest gun; in England, with the King at the head of the list. The notice that his Grace, as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has appointed Mr. F. H. Manners-Sutton to be his additional private secretary (unpaid) recalls more than one famous

bag at Bolton Abbey. Mr. Manners-Sutton, who with Sir C. Cust, Lord Valentia, and Mr. Stonor, used to have great days with the Duke, is well known

for his true eye and pleasant manners—a true descendant of the "Elegant Manners" who once occupied the Speaker's chair in the Commons.

Lady Bective at Work.

A board on Lady Victoria Herbert's doorstep in Stratford Place advertises her enterprise for assisting British prisoners in Germany. Her pet scheme is the "adoption" of captive Tommies, and a very good scheme it seems to be in the working. Lady Bective and her daughter, who have their headquarters in Eaton Place and Grosvenor Street, are likewise convinced of the wisdom of striking the personal note in carrying through the work of relief in the prison camps of Germany.

The Family Tommy.

It seems likely that Lady Bective will be responsible for a great number of "adoptions"; she bids fair to be the most prolific of fairy god-mothers at this new business of family-making. The appeal—unpublished—of the lonely prisoner should, she thinks, be much stronger than the appeal of the lonely officer who is still enjoying his freedom, his work, and the company of his fellow-fighters. Lady Bective, a daughter of the fourth Marquess of Downshire, is a half-sister-in-law of the Marquess of Headfort, and connected, therefore, with the pretty Marchioness. Through her daughter, Lady Henry Cavendish, she should be able, besides, to plant quite a regiment of hungry Tommies upon willing adopters. Her sympathy is practical, and has the always valuable note of personal sympathy.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JOHN H. TOWERS: MISS LILY H. CARSTAIRS.

Miss Lily Carstairs, of whom we give on another page a reproduction of the fine portrait by Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, is the only daughter of Mr. Charles S. Carstairs, of 3, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.

Photograph by Bassano.



A WAR WEDDING: MAJOR DONALD MACLEAY—MISS PAULINE GRACE MCCRAKEN.

The quiet but pretty wedding of Major Donald Macleay and Miss McCracken took place on Sept. 21, at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington. Mrs. Macleay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCracken, of 23, Kensington Palace Gardens. Major Macleay is the son of the late Mr. Donald Macleay, of Helensburgh, N.B., and was wounded at Ypres, in November.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

DEVILISH.



HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: I regret it, William; but where *would* my supreme authority be if I let you in?

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Then and Now. Fifty, forty—even thirty—years ago the possession of a fur coat was an ambition realised by comparatively few women. A sealskin coat—if anybody had a fur coat, it was always sealskin in those days—was in itself

almost sufficient to secure a certain social recognition. It was—like the male frock-coat and top-hat—the outward and visible sign of comfortable prosperity and financial stability. Half-a-century ago it was regarded as an heirloom, and passed from mother to daughter with the same regularity as an entailed estate descends from father to son. About the only garment invented that successfully withstood fashion's whimsies, it was seldom, if ever, subjected to the remodelling processes endured by present-day furs. No matter what the mode, the early Victorian sealskin maintained its original "lines." Even signs of wear at the seams did not detract from its value. It

What Every Woman Wants.

called the "whole-hog" stole—the head, tail, and paws of the animal complete—stands first favourite. Like most things connected with fashion, there is no particular reason why this rather barbaric style should have elbowed aside the long flat stole. None the less, an animal stole of white fox, with a muff to correspond, is what every woman wants. If she cannot have that, she may console herself with the dark grey and tawny gold of the cross fox, which was surely designed for the especial benefit of the brunette, so well does it become her. Or she may select natural skunk, which has this double recommendation—that it always wears and looks well; or one or other of the numerous pelts which are always to be found in the establishment of the first-class furrier.

Then, again, there is the new pelerine stole, which, fitting closely across the shoulders, "flares" towards the edge, and is more than a little like the tippets of our grandmothers, as Dolores shows.

The Flat Stole. The flat stole has still a faithful army of followers, and a favourite method of wearing it is to bring the fur across the front of the neck, cross it between the shoulders at the back, and draw the ends forward through the arms, thus achieving a sort of jacket effect. A short tie, such as is shown here, is also worn; and muffs, continuing the traditions of the last year or two, leave nothing to the imagination as regards breadth or width.

"Some" Store. In the spacious salons of Revillon Frères, in Regent Street, women can study the latest modes in peltry to the best advantage. Here are gorgeous chinchillas, sumptuous sables, and silky broadtail, with its humbler relations galliak and caracul. Here, too, is fox in all its manifold variety, skunk, lynx, wolf, and the modest squirrel—for every purse and every taste are catered for, and the fur problem is a problem no more. Though it is difficult to lay down

any hard-and-fast rule, seal musquash remains the favourite medium for the fur coat, an example of which seen at this famous house was almost full-length. A clever "working" of the fur indicated the region of the waist at the back, and was carried upwards to a point in front. Beneath, the full skirt was edged with a frill of fine natural skunk headed with a flat band of the same. Wide skunk cuffs and a big collar of that fur completed an up-to-date wrap whose possession any woman might envy.



More than a little like the tippets of our grandmothers is this little fur shoulder-cape, fastened with a long velvet ribbon and a bunch of satin flowers.

was still a "sealskin," and truly to appreciate the significance of that word one needs to have been young fifty years ago. But now all that is changed. A fur coat—furs of all kinds, indeed—have become quite democratic garments, within the reach even of a modest purse. The "sealskin" has lost the cachet that was its glory and its pride. But it still maintains its rather high price, and for that reason its public is still limited.

"Mixing" Furs.

Nowadays, like all women's clothes, furs are subject to fashion, and the models of this autumn are no exception to the rule. Now that women are allowed to have a waist—or at least indicate where a waist may be expected to reside—the upper part of the fur coat shows a tendency to cling to the figure, flaring out in a series of "flutes" as it continues its downward course. And, since a favourite device of the moment is to "mix" furs—a business, by the way, that can only be safely entrusted to a consummate artist—the really smart coat has a frill or hem of some other fur super-added, the same material appearing on the cuffs and collar. The

fur frill, indeed, is not the least important feature of the coat of to-day. Another is the collar. The restraint sometimes visible in the body of the coat vanishes as soon as it approaches the neck. Collars are frankly enormous. There is the droshky-driver collar, which the Russian charioteer wears, or is said to wear, for it is difficult to imagine anybody seeing to do anything from behind its enveloping folds. There are straight, high bands of fur which reach to the ears; and gigantic roll affairs which completely hide the face and head if required. Dolores has designed a typical coat, the sleeves of which are particularly interesting, for they are of the "set in" type which are this year ousting the familiar kimono pattern.



White suede boots with patent leather feet and skunk tops find their opportunity under the abbreviated skirt.



"The fur coat shows a tendency to cling to the figure, flaring out in a series of 'flutes' as it continues its downward course... the sleeves are particularly interesting, being of the 'set in' type."



The pill-box hat of white fur and velvet and a tippet to match, with a bunch of purple and red berries, make a becoming frame for a youthful face.



Cross-over wraps, in all varieties of fur, and huge muffs are popular.

FORWARD!



THE GROCER (to the new hand): And always put in the date these war-tax times; so that you can add it up with the rest of the bill.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



A Novel in a Nutshell

THE MIRROR.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

I FIRST met Chayton in the little antique and curio shop which used to stand facing Charing Cross Station. The place was run by a Japanese named Sokura, who dealt in the most incongruous things in London, charged very fair prices, and spoke flawless English.

Chayton at that time was only twenty-nine, but was already by way of becoming a celebrity. He looked, and was, just a big, blonde boy, with all a boy's delight in the possession of plenty of money and exuberant health. Twice his portraits had been the Academy success of their year, and people who knew prophesied that he would get his A.R.A. before he was thirty-five. At Sokura's, we had knocked over and broken a Sometsuké bowl between us, and the subsequent discussion concerning our shares of payment for the damage—Chayton wanted to pay the whole, while Sokura would have charged us nothing—led to an intimacy that lasted until the spring of '14, when business matters took me to the States. When I returned, late in October, Europe was writhing in the convulsions of war, and all the old landmarks seemed to be shifting, melting, vanishing. With them had gone Sokura. The whole building had been pulled down, and a flamboyant tea-shop, decorated in green and gold, had taken its place. I frittered away my short holiday in looking up old friends and paying an unsuccessful visit to the War Office, and on the evening of the fourth day went to a theatre. The play was quite a good one, and the place full, but most of my attention was focussed on Chayton. He was sitting in the second row of the stalls, watching the stage—or, to be exact, the leading lady, a Miss Pansy Allison—with a despairing intensity that suggested a good deal. I managed to intercept him at the exit, and he seemed genuinely pleased to see me. At his suggestion, we took a taxi home to the new bachelor suite he had lately rented at Chelsea.

The woman who did his housekeeping had left, but a meal was waiting on the electric stove, and the table was laid.

"We'll have something to eat," said Chayton, "and then perhaps you'd care to prowling round the studio."

Chayton looked older and very haggard. There were harsh lines under his eyes, and his fingers had acquired a nervous trick, that was new, of drumming on the cloth.

"And now," he said, when our cigars were finished, "I'll show you my workshop. It was built by an R.A.—"

"To be occupied by another?"

He shook his head impatiently, and, sliding a key into the dividing door, led the way in and switched on the light.

The room was big—twenty-five by thirty, at least—with walls literally lined with artistic spoils. A connoisseur might have spent a week in the place without exhausting its treasures.

"Isn't that the bowl we broke?" I asked. It stood on a bracket, between a pair of superb cloisonné vases.

He nodded, frowning.

"Old Sokura had it riveted and sent round."

"I noticed the shop had vanished. Has he moved to another part of London?"

"Heaven knows!" Chayton spoke with sudden passion. "I've done my best to track him, but it's been futile."

A curtain of some Indian fabric stirred as though a sudden breeze had caught it, and dropped rustling to the floor, revealing an oval surface of what appeared to be dull steel, slightly convex, and framed in twisted copper. I felt the grip of Chayton's hand on my arm, and, turning, saw that his face was livid.

"What on earth is it?"

"The mirror. I might have known!" With a stupendous effort, he recovered himself. "Come over to the fire—the draught here is diabolical."

We went across to where a coal fire burned dully. I made an attempt to get the situation in hand.

"We've known one another some time now, Chayton. If there's anything you'd rather not tell me, say so, and I'll go. But if I can help, or you've any use for a confidant—"

"It's decent of you to offer, Mac. If I were an expert liar, or even a passable actor, I might be able to hoodwink you into the belief that there was nothing wrong, or that the trouble was merely due to money matters or my health. But, in point of fact, I'm better off than I was this time last year, and entirely fit."

I sighed. I would have given most things for a clean bill of health. But the Army doctors had been inexorable.

"Tell me, then."

He dropped into a big padded chair, and leant forward, his back

to the mirror. From the seat I took opposite I caught the reflection of a flame on its copper rim.

"To make the thing clear," said Chayton, "I'll have to go back to the beginning. When you left in March, I was negotiating with the Salensteins for a half-length portrait of their daughter."

"Is that the man who's starting those 'Eureka' milk-and-scone depots all over London?"

"Yes. The girl herself—a vividly handsome young Jewess—came here with her people more than once. There's no need to enter into financial details. Money is immaterial when Salerstein mère has set her heart on a thing, and she'd taken a fancy to my work. The only point that matters is that we ultimately decided to paint Miss Salenstein surrounded on three sides by mirrors. I don't pretend that the idea is original, but it appealed to both the girl and her mother. As usual, I'd a good deal on hand, and it was settled that the sittings weren't to begin until the winter. Being cursed with a fastidious taste, I'd set my heart on having a background of an unusual type, and most of my spare time I spent prowling about in search of something that might suit. I knew the sort of thing I was looking for; I also knew that I could have it designed and made to order. But that would have deprived my search of all interest. As a collector, you'll understand."

I nodded. Chayton continued—

"Oddly enough, I'd visited quite a dozen dealers before I thought of old Sokura. I suppose the fact that he dealt chiefly in small bric-à-brac had something to do with it. The date when I did call was the 29th of June—I remember that as I went into the shop a boy tore past me yelling the news of the Scrajevo affair. Old Sokura was pottering about at the back, but he came forward, blinking behind his glasses and scowling, when he saw me. I explained what I was in search of.

"To put in a picture of the daughter of Sir Ephraim Salenstein?" he said.

"I hadn't mentioned the name, and was staggered.

"How did you know?"

"It is simple enough. Last week comes a person who says that she is Lady Salenstein. She buys ivories and bronzes, and as she leaves she remarks, 'This is a shop which my friend Mr. Chayton would delight in.'

"An artist of that name is already a client of mine," I said.

"Indeed? He is to paint a portrait of my daughter," she says. "You will see her picture, 'The Lady of the Mirrors,' in next year's Academy." And, with that, went out."

"It's a coincidence," I admitted. "And now, Mr. Sokura, if you've anything of the kind I need—"

"But he shook his head fiercely.

"Do you know what I receive yesterday, Mr. Chayton? A letter from Sir Ephraim's solicitors, telling me that his company has bought this shop, and that I must go elsewhere within one month. So I have an anger against him so bitter that but for our old friendship it would extend to yourself."

"Well, that looked like settling the matter. There was no sense in losing my temper about it, and I turned to leave. But, as I opened the door, a gust of wind blew down a dust-sheet that had been flung over a pile of things in a corner, and I caught a glimpse of an oval mirror of burnished metal that was so remarkable that I risked another snub and stopped to examine it.

"How much is this?" I asked.

"It is not for sale," said Sokura, coming out of his den again. "Why did you remove the cover?"

"I didn't," I said. "The wind blew it down."

"He made a whistling sound through his puckered lips.

"That makes a difference. But while I dare not refuse to sell, you would be wise to refuse to buy. Do not mistake me, my friend. The mirror was made four hundred years ago. It came into my hands by a series of accidents, and there are legends concerning it which, if but half of them are true, do not make for happiness. Among other things, it is said that when the mirror grows bright and reveals itself the hour has come for it to change ownership."

"I bent over the thing more closely. It seemed to me that the sort of fog that covered the surface was thinning.

"I will give you twenty pounds for it," I said.

"You insist upon buying it?"

"I nodded.

"Then it shall be yours as a gift," said Sokura, and, disregarding my protests, sent it round to the flat the same afternoon."

[Continued overleaf.]

LO! THE POOR TIMID'UN!



THE AUDIENCE OF THE PEACE - SPEAKER !

DRAWN BY H. M. BATMAN.

"That," I said, "was Sokura all over."

He nodded.

"I'd got my mirror after all, and, not being superstitious, I was as proud and pleased as a boy with a new box of soldiers. The surface of the thing, as I expect you've noticed, is slightly convex. Ordinarily, when this was bright, it would give a distorted reflection; but in this case it was different. In some lights one could see quite clearly; in others, absolutely nothing. I put it down to some trick in possession of the dead-and-gone craftsman who made it; but in any case the thing was fascinating."

"One day, about a week later, I happened to glance at it, and noticed what looked like a scar on the forehead of my reflection. All the rest was clear and normal enough, and there seemed no radical explanation. But that same evening I slipped on the parquet flooring, cutting myself badly against the edge of the table. The wound was in exactly the place recorded by the mirror. Here is the scar."

Chayton turned, showing a livid scar, half-hidden by his hair.

"In other words, the mirror reflects the object as it will be at some future time?"

He nodded.

"That," I said, "is interesting—not to say uncanny."

"It's more than that. Good God, man, don't you see the possibilities of the thing?"

My eyes followed his, and rested on a photograph that stood on the mantelshelf.

"You mean, for instance, in connection with yourself and Miss Pansy Allison?"

Chayton flushed boyishly.

"There we break fresh ground. One evening, when I was in the act of fixing the mirror on the wall, her face, very vague and shadowy, appeared beside my own. It happened that I'd seen Miss Allison's portrait in one of the illustrated papers that morning. I hunted it up again. The likeness was so unmistakable that out of sheer curiosity I went to see her play. Within a week I'd secured an introduction. A month later, I asked her to marry me."

"And she consented?"

"Conditionally. She's a girl with certain clear-cut theories concerning patriotism and duty, and it struck her as a standing reproach that I wasn't in khaki. No doubt she was right; but we didn't all of us see the fact plainly at first. However, I'd the decency to realise that she was right, and I wrote to the War Office putting in for a commission, and showed her the letter when I'd written it. We'd come back to my rooms after the performance that day—Pansy and I and a cousin who acted as her chaperon and companion—and had a supper in celebration. We were all extremely and foolishly happy—Pansy was rejoicing because her play, after a precarious month or so, had settled down to become the success of the London season; the companion because there was chicken mayonnaise and champagne; I because I'd a definite promise from Pansy at last."

"When it was all over I saw them home to their rooms under a splendid moon, and then came back to my own. I didn't want to sleep, I didn't want to draw or read, I didn't want to do anything except exult. I wandered up and down between the studio and the sitting-room, and presently I came upon a letter that had slipped to the floor. It was the one I'd written to the War Office; and that I'd forgotten to post. I picked it up, meaning to carry it to the nearest pillar-box, for I wanted to get the thing off my mind and to keep faith with the girl. As I passed the mirror on my way to the door, I happened to glance up at it."

"And you saw a wedding group? Or yourself in khaki?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing was visible but the face—my face." He leant forward. His fingers clutched my arm. "The face of a dead man, Mac. There was no wound, no sign of disfigurement. The eyes were open, the lips parted in a faint, scornful smile. The reflection, that was clear and sharp at first, grew blurred as I looked, and finally faded."

"What did you do?"

"I stood staring at the thing, stiff with horror, for a minute—perhaps two minutes. Then I must have come over faint, for I remember stumbling through the open doorway back into the sitting-room, and gulping down half a glass of wine that the cousin had left. And then I dropped into a chair and tried to reason it out. But I couldn't. There are some things beyond the range of reasoning. In the end, I took the line of least resistance. I argued that the pillar-box would have been cleared for the night, so that it would be useless to post the letter until the next day. I would go to bed and forget the whole ghastly illusion. By the morning whatever I'd imagined I'd seen in the mirror would have vanished."

"I went to bed: to my own surprise, I slept as soundly as though I had been drugged. I opened my eyes with the double conviction that something delightful and something horrible had happened, and in a flash remembered. And because I wanted the horrible part of the business cleared up I went, even before I'd dressed, from the bedroom to the studio, lifted the mirror from its place above the window, and carried it into the morning sunlight."

"And saw?"

"Nothing. The opaque mistiness of the evening before remained. Though I rubbed vigorously, the result was the same. I anathematised my own foolishness, dressed, and took the letter from the bureau to post. But again, as I passed, I caught the faint shadow of that dreadful reflection, and again——"

He dropped his face in his hands.

"I—I faked it, Mac. I didn't post the letter, either that day, or the next, or any other. A week went by. I couldn't bring myself to face the girl—it sounds the vilest cowardice, but the fact remains. At length, puzzled and anxious, she called. She asked me pointedly if I'd heard from the War Office, and, when I stammered that I hadn't, attributed my worrying to that. When she left that evening, I determined to write the letter and post it, whatever happened; but all that night I saw the face in my dreams—my own dead face, horrible beyond belief, and saw it again in the mirror, twice, the next day. Another week passed, and then the long arm of coincidence stretched out to complete my ruin. Pansy chanced to know someone at the War Office who was able to make inquiries for her, and he discovered that no application had been received from me. She came again, and I was goaded into clumsy lying that she saw through at once. She charged me with deceit as well as flagrant cowardice. I suppose she was right—that I ought to have been willing to fling away my life as lightly as many better men have flung theirs, rather than skulk among my artistic futilities in London. Yet it wasn't only my own life I should risk, but the happiness of the pair of us. For she cared, tremendously. She'd forgive me, even now, if I could pluck up courage enough to take the step and enlist."

There was a long silence, while I tried to get the whole wild and tangled affair into focus.

"Why not get rid of the mirror?"

"Who'd take it, knowing the truth? And it wouldn't be cricket to pass it on to someone who didn't know. I'd have taken it back to Sokura, but, as I told you, the man's disappeared."

"Give or sell it to me, then."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do. According to your own showing, the thing reveals itself when a change of ownership is due. What about the fall of the curtain that covered it?"

"You're a good sort, Mac. And if you've hit on the solution——"

"Wait," I advised him, "until I've packed it among the things I'm sending back to New York in a week's time, and then enlist, and go and tell the girl you've done it. And after that—good luck to you both!"

Twenty minutes later, the mirror had been re-packed in its box and left ready for removal. We went down together into the street. A taxi came crawling past, and Chayton's suggestion that the mirror should be driven with me back to my hotel seemed in the nature of an inspiration. When, finally, I left him waving his hand on the doorstep he looked younger, less haggard—almost his old self.

I slept badly that night, for which there were many excuses. But towards daybreak I dropped into a doze, and did not wake again until the clock on the mantelshelf was in the act of striking nine. Some instinct prompted me to leap from the bed and take the mirror from its wrappings. The surface was still cloudy. Yet even as I stood gazing the mist on its surface melted as mists melt in sunshine, and I saw myself defined sharply on the curved surface. There was something in the eyes of the reflection that even then vaguely puzzled me, but my chief emotion was one of sheer relief. The mirror had accepted its new master. Chayton was free.

I dressed, breakfasted, and took a cab to his rooms. A commissionaire in shirt-sleeves was standing at the entrance, talking to another man. I went up to him.

"I suppose," I said, "that Mr. Chayton hasn't left the building yet?"

The man eyed me strangely before he answered. I noticed the extreme pallor of his face.

"Mr. Chayton, Sir," he said in a low voice, "has had an accident. This gentleman here, who is a doctor, could tell you better than I, but it seems that he was stepping off the kerb to cross the road on his way to the recruiting-office—I told him the direction myself—when a motor-lorry swung round the corner, skidded badly, and pinned him against an electric standard. When we picked him up——"

"He's dead?" I did not recognise the sound of my own voice.

Their silence answered me.

"When did it happen?"

"The clock on the top of the building here was striking nine as he came out of the hall, Sir," said the commissionaire.

That was a month ago. I have not gone back to the States. My luggage still waits in the hotel here: I find it impossible to settle down to work of any sort. The look reflected in the eyes that stare at me from the mirror has not disappeared. It has deepened into a brooding horror that I can neither analyse—nor forget.

Would to God I could!

THE END.



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WOMAN'S WAYS

"K. of K." in the House of Lords.

I am not sure if a touch of histrionics—such as the great Lord Chatham used in crises kindred to ours—would not be more rousing than the conversational and slightly sarcastic tone employed by the Cabinet in these tragic days. The whole country is deeply moved, and on tip-toe to know how best they can serve the Empire, yet the Premier never misses his "week-end," and Lord Kitchener—our chief prop and hope—when he made his historic statement the other day in the House of Lords, might have been rendering a report on the Milk - from - the - Cow Dairy Company, Ltd., and soothing shareholders with rosy visions of the eventual failure of rival companies. To be sure, when one went down to that majestic Chamber, and was handed into a pew from which nothing could be seen but stained-glass windows and a gentleman in a wig sitting on a woosack, one expected, at such a moment in our history, to be thrilled and excited. Enter a middle-aged gentleman in a frock-coat, who stands at the table and reads, in a casual way, a statement that we are making no progress in Gallipoli, and that the Russians are being pursued into the very heart of their own country, and that the line in France and Flanders remains the same. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is a wonderful man; but as for emotion, he has about as much of that quality as General Joffre. Yet England could always be roused by beautiful phrases and a high spirit. Nelson has endeared himself to his countrymen for all time by his signal on Trafalgar Day, and for the human appeal: "Kiss me, Hardy." We shall find we can over-do our commonplace reserve.

Little Jokes of the Staff.

Up to now we have had mostly wounded friends from France or Flanders; now those veritable heroes, the soldiers from Gallipoli, are hobbling about English lawns and picnicking with us on Scottish moors. The tales they tell are exciting enough, whatever the tone Cabinet Ministers take. Vastly amused some of them seem at the picturesque statements of newspaper correspondents and even of officials. Some of the little jokes of the Staff especially rouse their mirth. Thus, they have one and all a thorough respect for the Turk as a "first-class fighting man."

Mr. Kipling will be able to write a ballad about him every whit as good as that about the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" who "broke a British square." That was in one of those baby wars we used to have before we knew what War meant. Yet one of the little jokes of the Staff consisted recently in telling our troops in the Mediterranean that the Turks were firing so much ammunition because they did not wish to have any by them "when they surrendered."

The Countryside and Manœuvres.

Quite lively is the countryside here on the South Downs, for khaki is everywhere, manœuvres are in full swing, your motor-car may be held up by a person with a lethal weapon at any moment, and your host's grounds are the happy hiding-place of "Blue Army" or "White Army," who hide from each other with much zeal, and are very pleased to stay to dinner when invited. You may be sitting tranquilly in the "water-garden" looking at floating pink lilies, and watching the sunset and its after-glow on the Downs, when something drab, in its shirt-sleeves, whizzes past you like a pussycat with an appointment, and disappears, like a cat, in the darkling wood yonder. Presently you hear that the village below is captured by the Blue Army, who hold the post-office and have cut the telephone, and that that was a fugitive from White Army who almost brushed your elbow.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Left-Hand Pages, and Right.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell is unnecessarily modest when he writes, in his *Apologia*: "I will close my book of memories. . . . They have little value for anybody else. . . . But, at any rate, if the reader has had the perseverance to wade all through them—for my part, I only read the right-hand pages of a book—he will at least have learnt that snipe may be stewed in gin, and that mustard may be taken with lemon-pudding!" "B.-P." may be assured that even left-hand pages will be tackled and enjoyed, for his work ranges over many phases of Indian life, notably soldiering and sport.

Winston as India-Rubber.

It is personal, too, on occasion. Here is a note about Mr. Winston Churchill, in the old days. Many speeches had been made at a polo dinner. "When all was over and a sigh of relief was going round, there suddenly sprang to his feet one of the members of the 4th Hussars' team, who said: 'Now, gentlemen, you would probably like to hear me address you on the subject of polo!' It was Mr.

Winston Churchill. Naturally, there were cries of 'No, we don't! Sit down!' and so on; but, disregarding all their objections, with a genial smile he proceeded to discourse on the subject, and before long all opposition dropped as his honeyed words flowed upon their ears, and in a short time he was hard at it expounding the beauties and the possibilities of this wonderful game. The speech over, somebody in authority said: 'Well, that is enough of Winston for this evening,' and the orator was taken in hand by some lusty subalterns and placed underneath an overturned sofa, upon which two of the heaviest were then seated, with orders not to allow him out for the rest of the evening. But very soon afterwards he appeared emerging from beneath the angle of the arm of the sofa, explaining: 'It's no use sitting upon me, for I'm india-rubber.'

The Kaiser Then a note about German Lances.

many. "I was once invited by the German Emperor to express my opinion on the lance used by his Majesty's cavalry. I replied that, with all deference, I considered it rather too long for practical use. He asked where I had my experience, and I said from the pig-sticking in India. We used in that country both the long and the short spear, but our long one was as nothing to compare with his lance for length, and even ours was considered unwieldy by some people. The Emperor agreed it might be so, but that one of his reasons for using a long lance, at any rate in peace time, was to give the right spirit of confidence to his men. He said: 'I find that for every inch that you put on a man's lance you give him two feet of self-esteem'; and there is a good deal in that." Since then, as "B.-P." notes, "Sir Philip Chetwode's report that our cavalry can now go through the Uhlans 'as if they were brown paper' points the efficacy of practical training over the theoretical ideas of the Kaiser."

Thieves-in-Chief.

So—dare we say naturally?—to thieves. "The Afghans are wonderfully keen thieves. . . . In a regiment which had suffered from these thefts, the men dug a hole under the floor of each tent and buried their rifles there, and slept on the top of them; but even this precaution did not stop the thieves, for, having found out exactly where the rifles were stowed, they carefully and silently dug from outside the tent a small tunnel leading down to where the rifles were buried, and thus abstracted them without disturbing the men sleeping above them."

"Indian Memories." By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert Baden-Powell. (Herbert Jenkins; 12s. 6d. net.)



THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF WOOLWICH ARSENAL: MR. VINCENT L. RAVEN.

It was announced a few days ago that Sir H. F. Donaldson, Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories—an appointment including the superintendence of Woolwich Arsenal—had left the Arsenal to take up work of greater urgency at the Ministry of Munitions. His successor at Woolwich is Mr. Vincent L. Raven, formerly Chief Engineer of the North Eastern Railway, who has been serving at the Ministry of Munitions. It is understood that Sir Frederick will return to his old post after the war. Mr. Raven was born in Norfolk, and is the son of a clergyman. He became Chief Engineer of the North Eastern in 1910, after having been right through the shops as a pupil and having passed from position to position.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Modes à la Nécéssité.

Dame Fashion's programme has been considerably cut down; but no one would know it by seeing her followers. We cannot have our beautiful Lille thread stockings, nor can we have cool and comfortable Lille thread gloves; the Germans have the factories. However, our ally, Japan, comes to the rescue with remarkably clever imitative productions that pass in the emergency. Ireland is doing quite well with fine dress-linens, such as used to come from Armentières; cotton fabrics from St. Quentin have been more missed than they will be now winter is coming; and, during the passing summer—it is loth to leave us—there were plenty of pretty fanciful cotton, zephyr, and other ephemeral fabrics, possibly of a stock not exhausted before war. Cambric linens have an old reputation; and Lorraine embroideries and handkerchiefs from there are known all over the world. Beautiful woollen fabrics from Tourcoing and Roubaix are much missed; but we are doing what we can with substitutes until our brave French allies have ousted the enemy, and we have all pounded him so that we can turn our attention to the induction of better times.

Neutral Tints.

With all the world at war, or thinking about it, fashion is going to be strictly neutral; that is, fashion not made in Germany—with it we have no concern, as we shall not be called upon to endure the sight during the continuance of war. The most modish colour is a deep, rich brown. This will be seen in hats and in coats and skirts, also in cloth and satin and panne dresses, the bodice-portions of which will be chiffon or net or tulle. The velours hat is under suspicion. I am told that thousands have come into this country purporting to have been made in a neutral country, where there is, indeed, a factory capable of turning out a moderate number a week; but the chief manufactory is, I am told, still in Austria. There are velours hats as British as Britons, and not at all expensive; but the feel of the Austrian velours felt was quite different, and, as usual with the enemy products, they were lower in price. Another tint in favour is dark blue; there is nothing novel about that, we have always loved it, and this autumn it is darker and softer than ever. Then there is a deep wine red, the colour of the V.C. ribbon. Grey continues in favour, and the latest shade is Dreadnought, supposed to be the colour of our battleships; but who has seen them lately, where they wait to pounce?

The Shier.

I believe the word is of American origin, but to-day it expresses, perhaps, pretty clearly the women who used to love to have their parties, their dresses, their looks as they passed up Bond Street, their motor-cars, their jewels, and, above all, their fancy dresses, described in the half-price dailies, and who now are painfully shy about having their good works chronicled anywhere. It is one of the changes of war-time. I met a woman who, of old, was as silly as the silliest and revelled in it; she is now, as she expresses it, "wearing herself out at both ends at a railway buffet"; she says she "simply dare not think of the way she wasted money and health in those feckless days that seem so far behind us." She looks happier, now, if her feet and her head do ache, and she says "the Tommies are darling angels"—a piece of information about themselves which would certainly amaze them!

Death of Multi-Millionaires' Mother.

Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, whose death occurred last week, was the widow of Mr. Marshal Field jun., son of one of America's multi-millionaires. She married Mr. Maldwin Drummond, who is the son of the late Mr. Andrew Robert Drummond, of Cadland, Hants, which estate Mr. Maldwin Drummond inherited—his two elder brothers and nephew having died. His wife, a graceful and charming woman, well known in English Society, was the daughter of Mr. Louis C. Hack, of Chicago. She leaves two sons, of her first marriage, whose education is going on over here, and who will, in a few years, be immensely wealthy men. They were guarded, when younger, fearing kidnapping because of their importance in financial circles. Mrs. Maldwin Drummond was a young woman, and her death will cause great distress. Mr. Drummond, her husband, was in the Rifle Brigade, and is now serving the country. In addition to the two enormously wealthy boys, Mrs. Drummond has left a young daughter of her first marriage.

The Doctor and the Zeppelin Man.

The day after the aircraft raid that gratified the curiosity of hundreds of thousands, and resulted in over a hundred casualties, chiefly among women and children, I met the wife of a doctor, who told me that her husband had as a patient a member of a Zeppelin crew. It puzzled me, for I knew no ship had been shot down, and if anyone fell out, it would be unlikely that there would be work for a doctor! It is now rumoured that there was a man short in one of the crews, and I can only suppose that the doctor in question had to examine him. He may possibly have been a patient of minutes or seconds; after which he was a subject. It is now pointed out that his fall synchronises with the death of the great Zepp commander, Dr. Sticker. Of course, this may be only a coincidence.

Under our portrait of Viscountess Charlemont in last week's number of *The Sketch* we stated that she was working twelve hours a day and twelve hours a night alternately in a munitions factory. This statement, we find, was erroneous. It is not the Viscountess, but her husband, Viscount Charlemont, who is giving twelve hours a day to munitions work. We must express our regret for the mistake.

The British Women's Hospital, of 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C., is organising a complete hospital unit of 250 beds and offering it to the French Government for their sick and wounded soldiers. The French authorities allow two francs per patient towards expenses (practically half the cost), but everything beyond must be provided by the organisers. The expenses and staff salaries, etc., are expected

to total between £15,000 and £25,000 for one year. The Committee, at whose head is the Duchess of Sutherland, appeal to the women of the Empire at home and overseas for subscriptions, asking for £50,000. Half is to go for the expenses of the hospital, and half towards providing a similar unit for another of our Allies, and a convalescent home in England for British wounded. The object is so essentially one which should appeal to women that the more publicity which is given to it the more generous, widespread, and prompt should be the response.



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN
FOR AUTUMN DAYS.

This toilette is carried out in seal-brown taffeta and velvet of a slightly darker shade. The collar ascends to the ears, and is outlined with a narrow band of skunk.

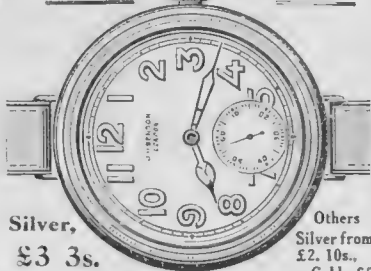
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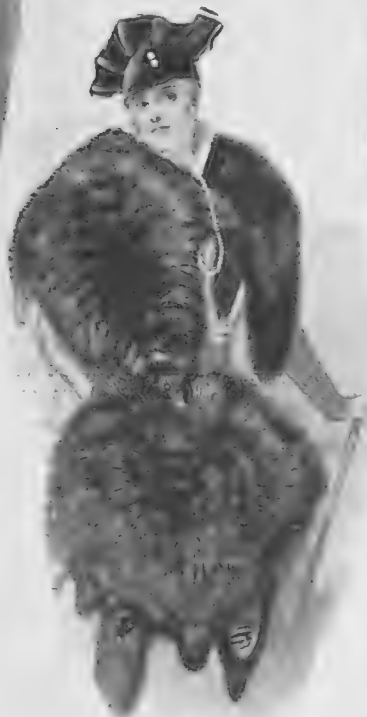
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Large Muff
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Autumn, no dish can be more delicious,
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Try to-day, BIRD'S Custard,
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BIRD'S Custard is very valuable
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The daily changing temperature at
this season, demands an increase of
body-building nutriment.

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the *Nutritious* Custard

supplies this, and enables the children
to store up health and energy against
the coming winter.

In Pkts. 2 for 1½d., Boxes 4d. and 7½d., and large Tins.



BUDGET FEARS AND FACTS : THE PETROL IMPOST : AMERICAN CARS IN ENGLAND.

Premature Jeremiads.

The Budget has not justified the fears in advance which were expressed by those who prophesied an increase in the engine-taxes upon motor-cars. Inasmuch as the owner of a 60-h.p. car already paid £42 per year, and £6 6s. is demanded annually even in respect of a Yankee runabout, together with registration and license fees and threepence per gallon upon petrol, there did not seem much room left for getting directly at the motorist without scotching the use of motor-cars altogether. One direct burden, however, has been increased in the shape of a doubled spirit-duty; while the purchaser of a new car, if it is imported, will find the cost one-third more than he would have had to pay before the Budget. It should be mentioned, by the way, that, owing to freight difficulties, advances in the prices of American cars had already been made, so that altogether the £200 Transatlantic car will now cost a matter of £300.

The Petrol Tax. As for the American manufacturer himself, he cannot grumble, so long as his Government puts an *ad valorem* duty of 45 per cent. on British cars. The war has given us a chance for reprisals for which even Free Traders will not be altogether sorry; but the situation which will arise when the war is over will be nothing if not interesting. Meanwhile, we must wait and see what the effect of the new import duty will be upon the sales of the American cars which were already on their way to this country, and upon the size of future shipments. The petrol tax, however, is a much more important matter, for two shillings a gallon is a price which the majority of car-owners cannot afford to regard lightly. It will press hardly on the men to whom a car is an absolute necessity, and also upon those who are devoting time and money in giving rides to wounded soldiers and assisting the military in various ways. The question naturally arises, therefore, whether the tax will bring in as much as the Chancellor of the Exchequer expects, in view of the fact that many owners will curtail the number and extent of their journeys as far as possible. So large an amount of petrol, moreover, is absorbed for Army, Navy, and aviation purposes that the Government will lose on one hand what it gains on the other. Where the Exchequer will score, nevertheless, is in the fact that it has decided to appropriate all the petrol dues to itself, instead of handing them *en bloc* to the Road Board, so that a considerable revenue from motor spirit is assured. Our roads, however, bid fair to be ruined if the war lasts much longer, and this is just as doubtful

economy as to wear a boot to the uppers instead of soling it in good time.

A Voice from California.

I must not be surprised,

One cannot circumscribe the limits of the area within which *The Sketch* is read, and therefore, at receiving a communication from a reader in far-away California. The object of his letter is to call attention to what he regards as an example of lack of patriotism, and he forwards a copy of the *San Francisco Examiner*, in which there appear some observations by Mr. Percival L. D. Perry, the managing director of the English branch of the Ford Motor Company, who is visiting the States. Mr. Perry is quoted as saying that the present is a golden opportunity for the American manufacturer of automobiles to take a firm hold on the British market, and, as he is also referred to as the President of the Motor Trade Association of this country, my correspondent says that he is unable to appreciate the patriotism which takes the form of advising Americans to make hay while the sun shines, nor can he understand why the Motor Trade Association should elect as their President a representative of a foreign car, especially at a time when Great Britain is severely handicapped by a disastrous war.



WOMAN IN KHAKI : "LIEUTENANT" YATES (ON THE RIGHT), OF THE POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK, WHO IS GOING TO THE DARDANELLES AS A MOTOR-TRANSPORT DRIVER. "Lieutenant" Yates holds a commission in the Women's Reserve Ambulance. She has been accepted semi-officially as a motor-transport driver for service at the Dardanelles.

Photograph by Photopress.

British Agents and American Cars.

would probably say, is marketing an American car, but it is sent over here in parts and assembled by British labour. As for the Association itself, it would probably be pointed out that it is not to be confounded with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and that it consists in the main of agents, and agents during war-time are earning a livelihood almost exclusively by the sale of American cars, in the absence of deliveries of British and Continental marques. Mr. Perry's counsels to the American industry consist in the main of recommendations to avoid putting untried vehicles on the British market, or vehicles for which spare parts could not be procured on demand. I have no desire to bolster him up in any way, and am simply taking the *prima facie* value of his remarks, in which I can find nothing essentially objec-

On the surface, of course, the matter does appear anomalous. As for the other side, I suppose the answer of the Motor Trade Association would be twofold. Mr. Perry, it



OFF FOR WORK AT THE LONDON HOSPITALS : POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK GIRLS IN THE WOMEN'S RESERVE AMBULANCE.

There is great excitement among the girls of the Post Office Savings Bank, in Blythe Road, West Kensington, over the fact that one of their number in the Women's Reserve Ambulance, "Lieutenant" Yates, is going out to the Dardanelles as a motor-transport driver.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

tionable, especially as he is openly known as the agent for a Transatlantic product. Whether, in these circumstances, it was good policy for the Motor Trade Association to elect him as their Chairman is another matter, but at the same time it is their own affair.

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By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

OFFICERS' KHAKI.

IT is quite time that the misleading term "Officers' Regulation Khaki" was stopped. This description is now being used in all parts of London by firms offering uniforms at absurdly low prices, who have never previously produced a military garment. Let the newly commissioned officer thoroughly understand that there is, unfortunately, NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and he is therefore at the mercy of the firm from whom he buys. With a recognised West-End military tailor he has nothing to fear, because his reputation is at stake, but if he succumbs to the bait of cheapness he will pay a very bitter price during the rigours of the winter campaign. Every officer should realise that on active service the clothes he stands up in may have to last him indefinitely.

The prices quoted by Pope and Bradley represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable, because the House is one of the largest buyers of officers' khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from £3 13 6
Slacks	£1 7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches	
(Buckskin strapped)	£2 12 6
British Warm	£3 15 0
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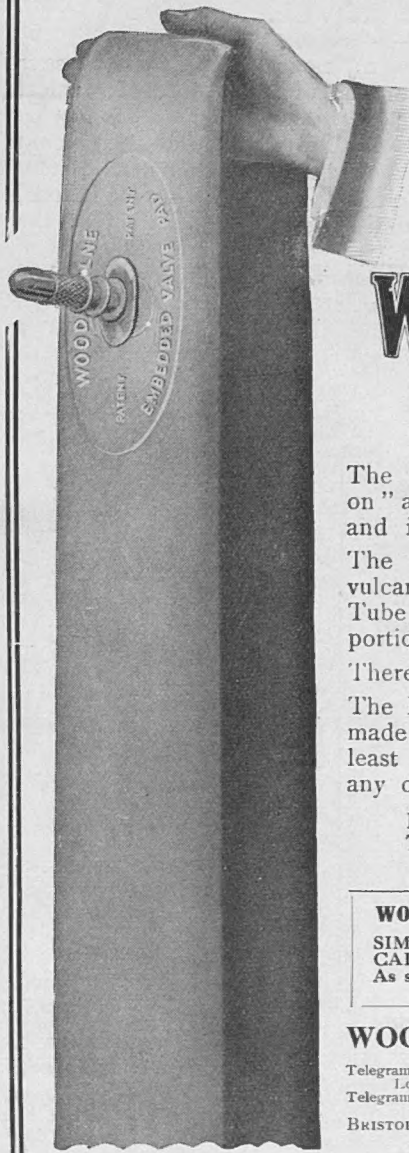
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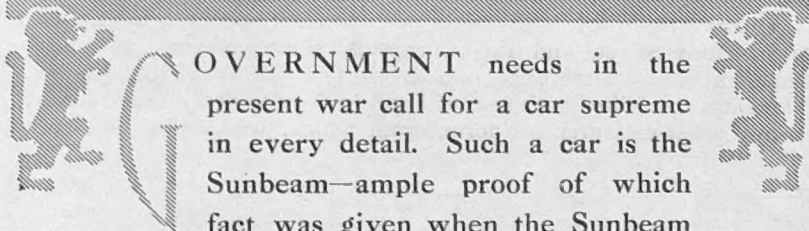
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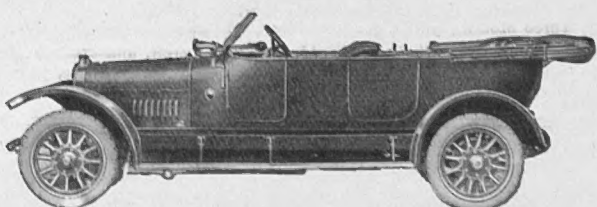
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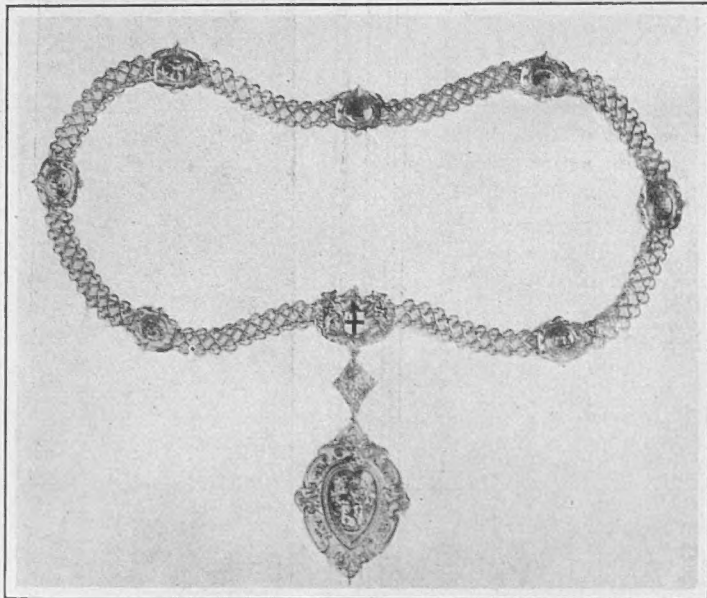
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A NEW NOVEL.

"The Insulted and Injured."

BY FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY.
(Heinemann.)

"I read them my novel at one sitting," says Dostoevsky in one of those autobiographical touches familiar to the reader of his books. Certainly not this novel (many sittings would not suffice unto it), but "we began immediately after tea, and stayed up till two o'clock." They were simple friends, expecting something in the grand style; they heard just the familiar commonplace things, such as were happening about them. They had looked for a hero, great, interesting, or historical; they were told of a little down-trodden, rather foolish clerk, with buttons missing from his uniform. No fine sentences, but the artless naïveté of their own family talk. "Is it really worth while to print and read such nonsense, and they pay money for it, too?" was their unspoken thought. "And yet before I had read half of it, tears were falling from the eyes of all three of them. . . . 'It's simply a little story, but it wrings your heart,' the old host said; 'and what's happening all round grows easier to understand, and to remember; and one learns that the most down-trodden, humblest man is a man, too, and a brother.'" If one stayed up till two o'clock writing about Dostoevsky's methods, results, and purpose, nothing of great value as analysis could be added to this remarkable glimpse of the author's mind upon his audience. "The Insulted and Injured" is a gloomy and distressing drama played out "under the heavy sky of Petersburg." Loving women abandoned to drift on the wreck of happiness, outraged fathers, a child tortured with intolerable sufferings, and the writer himself wandering from sad corners of the city back to his wretched lodging, so sick and giddy that he fell down unconscious as he entered. Enjoyment of any sort, of a healthy body or a gay spring morning, would be heartless in this unrelieved world of fever, epilepsy, poverty, and shame. Miss Garnett puts into touching English the apparently artless sentences which grow terrifying in their cumulative misery; it wrings your heart; it must be nearly unbearable to a Russian born. Only because the atmosphere is so remote, so peculiarly foreign, will the English reader win through. The tears will not blind him simply because he does not cry, and he will be quite unable to echo the old man's appreciation after hearing that Dostoevsky story between tea and dawn: "It's akin to us, it's as though it had all happened to me myself." Were it akin, the Zeppelins that have boomed, and are still threatening to boom, over the City of London might be welcomed as relief.



PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN G. A. TOUCHE, M.P., SHERIFF-ELECT OF LONDON: A CHAIN AND BADGE OF OFFICE.

The chain and badge were presented to Mr. George Alexander Touche, M.P., Alderman of the Ward of Walbrook, by friends and inhabitants of the Ward on his election as Sheriff of the City of London. They were designed and made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IN "The Dummy," the new play by Mr. Harvey O'Higgins and Miss Harriet Ford at the Prince of Wales's, we had yet another American crime and detective drama of the kind which has become so prevalent of late. This time the crime was kidnapping, and the detectives were engaged in the rescue of a small girl who was carried away to a bungalow in the Catskill Mountains. The chief glory rested with Mr. Lauri de Frece, who came as an office boy and displayed such precocity that he was at once given the first place in the chase; and he managed his part of the affair by pretending to be the deaf-and-dumb child of a millionaire. He was thus kidnapped himself, and this gave him ample opportunities for unmasking plots; while his quick wit got him out of a most dangerous dilemma. In the meanwhile, his employer, the head detective, had been bound and gagged in an exciting scene in a New York gaming-house. The part was very cleverly played by Mr. Ambrose Manning; Mr. de Frece made a real character of the boy; Mr. Julian Royce, as a saturnine and gentlemanly scoundrel, and Miss Barbara Gott, as his vulgar and kind-hearted wife, were excellent; and Mr. George Shelton gave a skilful sketch of a delightful Irishman. The chief trouble was that the excitement of the chase was over rather early in the evening, and the rest had to be filled in somehow; but there was plenty of amusement in the play.

MRS. MALLESON.

We regret that, owing to a misunderstanding, we published on Sept. 1 a portrait purporting to be that of the mother of Midshipman Wilfrid St. Aubyn Malleison, V.C., whose real portrait we propose publishing later. Our portrait was that of Mrs. Malleison, who married Brigadier-Gen. W. Malleison, Indian Army, about four years ago. Midshipman Malleison is over eighteen.

With the great Continental struggle foremost in our minds to-day, we are apt to forget the fact that the prices of cloths have rapidly risen and are still rising, and clothes will, at no distant date, cost anything from 25 per cent. more. With this fact in view, the house of Harry Hall, the well-known West-End and City tailors, of 207, Oxford Street, and 149, Cheapside, some months ago made large purchases of materials, which are still offered at old prices. The house specialises both in mufti and in Service dress; and it has a simple self-measurement form, from which, when filled in with ordinary care, a perfect fit is assured.

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MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production.

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Nightly at 8.

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MANAGING DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

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A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange. Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London.

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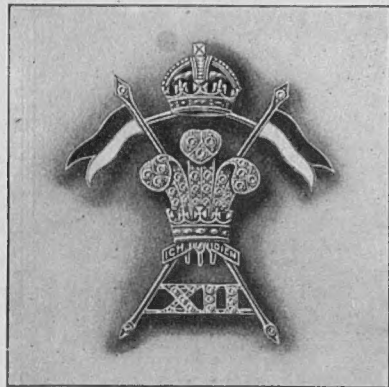
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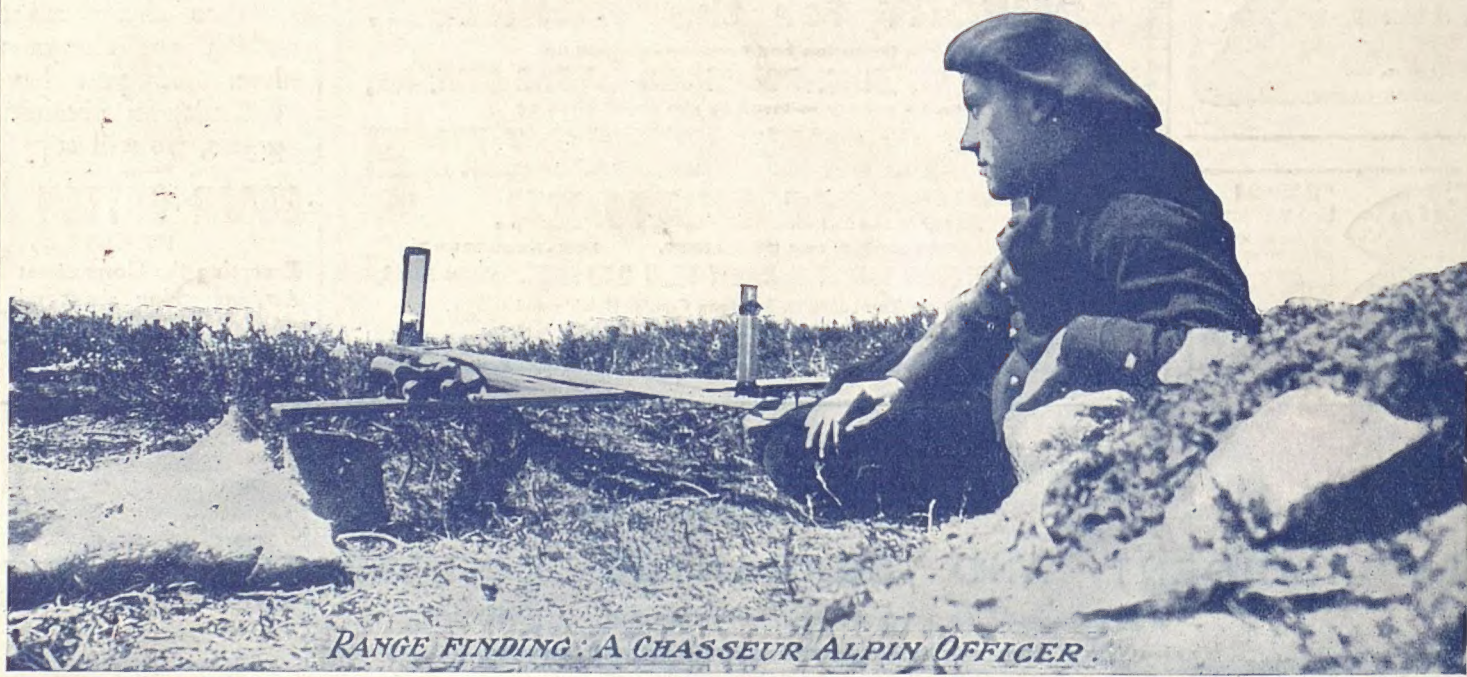
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